

The TATLER

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London, March 23, 1932

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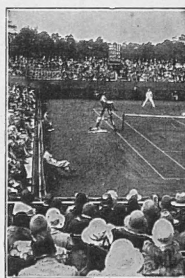
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MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES THE HEROINE IN "PRECIOUS BANE"

This play, which is based on Miss Mary Webb's famous novel of the same name, was adapted for the stage by Mr. Edward Lewis, and was first produced in January last year at the Embassy with a totally different cast. It makes its bow at the St. Martin's Theatre on March 31. It can be no easy matter for any dramatist to re-create the highly-poeticized atmosphere of Miss Mary Webb's story of the illiterate folk of Shropshire, who believed in witchcraft and supernatural tokens, but these difficulties they say have been overcome.

To Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is due a big personal success as Prue Sarn

THE LETTERS OF EVE

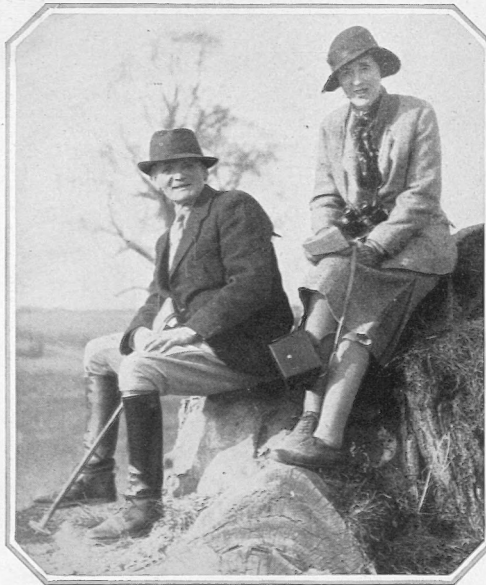


SOCIETY AT THE CATARACT HOTEL, ASSUAN

Included in this group of well-known people who were recently at the big hotel near one of the greatest dams in the world, are: Sir Oliver Duncan (in a white hat), Delia de Bagno, the Marquess of Huntly, Lady Joan Villiers (a sister of the Earl of Jersey), Mrs. Kenneth Richards (whose daughter recently married the Earl of Jersey), Mr. George Whigham (father of Miss Margaret Whigham), whose engagement to the Earl of Warwick was announced recently, and who came back to England a short time ago; Mr. Duncan Mackinnon (who is spending his honeymoon, with his wife, who is sitting in front of him on left), Lady Duncan, Mrs. George Whigham, Mr. Bradley Campbell, the Marchioness of Huntly, the Hon. Miss Eileen Brougham, a sister of Lord Brougham, and Miss Margaret Whigham.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.
MY DEAR,—Parties, large and small, have been going on up to these last few days when we are beginning to scatter for Easter. All the most amusing people in London foregathered at Lady Allendale's the other night, after the Ice Carnival. It was a good idea to have a man with a barrow, selling hot roast chestnuts, in the hall of 144, Piccadilly, for after a chilly evening in the rink they were more than welcome! The Duke and Duchess of York were distinguished neighbours who looked in, the Duchess particularly charming in pale pink chiffon. Our hostess had changed from her Ice Carnival dress into a white organdie, trimmed with daisies, but the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme came on in the full glory of her crinoline and silver wig, looking very effective.

Everyone was sorry that Mrs. Roland Cubitt, the principal organizer, was unable to appear herself as "The Atlantic." A particularly fierce cold kept her in the house, but her "cock-tail, sausage, and beer" party, from 7.30 to 9.30, was the best possible send off! Ice Carnival revellers who came on to Lady Allendale's included Lord Blandford, in particularly good form, Lady Stanley, just back from the



COLONEL AND MRS. W. D. S. BROWNRIGG AT THE SOUTH HEREFORD POINT-TO-POINT

These point-to-point 'chases were held at Fawley last week. Colonel Brownrigg commands the 159th (Welsh Border) Infantry Brigade, and before that was A.Q.M.G. British Forces in China and in command of the forces in Shanghai. He is the youngest son of the late General J. S. Brownrigg, C.B., formerly Grenadier Guards, and was himself a Sherwood Forester

West Indies, and Lord and Lady Castlerosse. She was in a very pretty prune-coloured chiffon dress, made with a cape and innumerable pin-tucks. Mrs. Charles Winn looked nice in a curious shade of steel blue, so did Mrs. Edward Compton and her sister, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, who arrived together, both dressed in white.

Mrs. John Gilmour and Lady Mainwaring were both faithful to black, and Miss Monica Sherriffe wore a royal blue velvet and some really beautiful bracelets. With such a lovely house as a back-ground, the party was bound to be a good one, and for once there was no shortage of men! Sir Hugh Seely, Mr. Ivor Guest, Sir Harry Mainwaring, and Mr. Gaspard Ponsonby all stayed late, and the hot roast chestnut man did a roaring trade until the early hours of Friday morning, one of his best clients being Lady Honor Guinness, who looked very sweet dressed in pale green.

We had some very good music at Lady Anglesey's last Monday night. Miss Margaret Elwes, Miss Maud Nelson, Mr. Stuart Wilson, and Mr. Keith Falkner quite carried the audience away by their singing of the Brahms "Liebeslieder." Prince Arthur of Connaught sat next to his hostess, who looked lovely in

pale pink lace with a fur-trimmed shoulder cape. The one white curl in her dark hair is so attractive. Her daughter, Lady Caroline Paget, quite the most charming of last year's débutantes, wore a little silver tissue jacket over her flowered chiffon dress. She is a great music-lover, and goes to all the concerts.

All the Elwes family turned up in full force to hear their sister sing, and amongst others in a decorative, as well as appreciative, audience I noticed Lord and Lady Carisbrooke, the latter in coral pink, Lady Bridges, Lady Oxford, Mrs. Fred Lawson, in natter blue velvet, Lady Dashwood, whose scarlet coat was envied by all of us, Mrs. Oglander-Aspinall, in white, and Miss Olga Lynn, who must have been very proud of her pupils! Mr. Francis Toye, Mr. Ivor Newton, and Mr. George Reeves, best of accompanists, were all kept busy after the concert, bringing their partners sandwiches and hot dogs. And Sir Denison and Lady Ross were surrounded by friends, who wanted to congratulate her on her playing in the "Liebeslieder."

Halfway through the concert, Mrs. Baldwin spoke about the Mother Saving Campaign that she and Lady George Cholmondeley have so much at heart, but wisely made no attempt to ask for donations! She left it entirely to the feelings of her audience! I hope they responded nobly to such exquisite tactfulness!

Anyhow, the cabaret supper dance next night at the Café Anglais which Miss Diana Chamberlain had organised for the same good cause (or was it for saving the babies?) was a tremendous success. One of the very best charity shows I have been to, and there's no doubt about the merits of supper for a thing of this kind, for so many people came on from dinners or theatres.

And the cabaret, with Frakson the conjuror, Myra and Karinoff, who whirled and twirled amazingly, the Weston Brothers, and June and Nadya from *The Cat and the Fiddle* was excellent. Lord and Lady Glentanar brought on a party of twenty from Hill Street, and amongst the dancers I saw Lady Anne Wellesley and her cousin, Miss Pamela Wellesley, Miss Alicia Brown,



THE ASTAIRES AT THE ATLANTIC BEACH CLUB

Miss Adèle Astaire is coming to England shortly and is to marry Lord Charles Cavendish, the younger son of the Duke of Devonshire. The engagement was announced in New York last October, when Miss Astaire was playing in the musical show, "The Band Waggon," at the New Amsterdam Theatre, in which her brother also was playing. Miss Astaire announced at that time that, after her marriage, she was giving up the stage entirely.

Mr. Adolphe Menjou and his wife, and Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton and her brother, Lord Maidstone, who is off to America in a day or two.

Cocktail parties show no signs of abating, though the Oliver Hoares were careful to label theirs a sherry party, and both the dry and the sweet varieties were on tap. Our hostess looked very well in her favourite colour green, which was very effective against the deep yellow walls of her drawing-room. And among the

people I found in her house were Baron Franckenstein and Count Bernstorff, who is a Counsellor at the German Embassy, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, who looked very striking dressed all in black, Colonel Moore-Brabazon, and Lady Rodd.

Lady Forbes, who came with her husband, is always a person to be noticed because of her grey hair and her young and attractive face. And other decorative people included Lady Gainsborough and Lady Doreen Knatchbull. Lady Doreen's husband is member for Ashford, and they are both off to Mersham-le-Hatch for Easter so as to be among their constituents. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hoare are spending Easter at Folkestone, and intend to stay there for about a fortnight, for they have both had 'flu and haven't yet quite got over it.

Another good party was given by Sir Francis and Lady Oppenheimer, who were married at the end of last year and now live in Sapphire House in Vincent Square. They have decorated it according to the most modern ideas, and made a great success of it. And this second house-warming party which I went to was partly to appease those friends who were not able to go to the first one, and were clamouring to see the house. It is mostly white, and the drawing-room has dark-blue looking-glass at either end to relieve it, which it does most successfully, giving a very lovely effect.

Lady Oppenheimer, who was formerly the wife of Sir Ernest Horlick, has a daughter, Miss Betsan Horlick. She is tall and fair and quite one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes. And she is talented, too, for she is an expert skater and linguist, and is studying hard as a poster designer at the School of Arts and Crafts. Her brother, Peter, was president of Pop when he was at Eton, and was

(Continued overleaf)

c 2



Bertram Park

MISS JEAN FOLLETT

A recent and very attractive portrait of the daughter of Lady Mildred FitzGerald and the late Brigadier-General G. B. S. Follett, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action in 1918. Lady Mildred FitzGerald, whose second husband is Sir John FitzGerald, the Knight of Kerry, is the youngest sister of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C. Lady Mildred FitzGerald is giving a dance for her daughter, more or less, shortly



Poona, Dublin

LORD MILTON AND MISS OLIVE PLUNKET WITH THE MEATH

At a recent tryst at Dunsany Castle, which is one of their best and most popular fixtures in the south part of their country. Lord Milton is the Earl of Fitzwilliam's son and heir and came of age on January 6 last—a special meet of the Middleton Hounds (with breakfast and the famous Milton ale) being arranged to celebrate. Miss Plunket is a daughter of the Hon. and Most Rev. B. J. Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin. Lord Milton's engagement to Miss Plunket has been announced

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

married last year to Miss Rosemary Nichol. They have taken a flat in Grosvenor House, and are living there for the present. But to go back to the party; the pretty girls I saw there included a cousin, Miss Catherine Horlick, Miss Elizabeth Darrell, Miss Peggy Chandos Pole-Gell, the Beaton sisters, and Miss Anita Leslie who had come straight from her film studio, complete with make-up and a Spanish dress.

The Philip Gribbles also had a cocktail party last Tuesday. It was about their third or fourth since they moved into their new house in Montpelier Square. They too have done a good deal of the latest things in decorating, not to say adding; for at the back they have built out a most attractive dining-room with a domed roof, and its concealed lighting is very effective. So is the pale gold-and-silver drawing-room which makes a lovely back-ground for Mrs. Gribble's lily fairness. From there I went on a few yards to Mrs. Robin D'Eranger's house in Brompton Square. There I found a small group consisting of my hostess, Lady Isabel Wodehouse, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Elwes, and Mrs. Oglander-Aspinall discussing art, music, literature, and films, and more or less agreeing on them all.

Talking of books, I hear that Prince George, who, with his brothers, the Prince and the Duke of Gloucester, was dancing at Craven Lodge one night, and being the guest of honour at the annual dinner of the National Book Trade Provident Society two nights later, is a real connoisseur. He already has a very nice collection of modern first editions and of limited editions, and has very definite opinions on the merits and demerits of our best-known modern authors. So the speech he made carried a good deal of weight with all the famous authors who were present.

And talking of films, Mr. Anthony Asquith gave a very interesting talk last week on "Films Past and Present" at Lady Robson's house in Eaton Square. Mr. Francis Birrell introduced the speaker, who was very encouraging in his out-look on the future and the possibility of our realizing the possibilities of the cinema. Among his listeners were his mother, Lady Oxford, now a journalist and a colleague, Miss Brenda Pearson, entirely dressed in flame colour, Lady Patricia, and Lady Elizabeth Hare, Mrs. James Beck and Lady Lavery.

I suppose most of us drew the usual blanks in the Irish Sweep. But I do feel almost in touch with one of the lucky ones, for I met Lady Godfrey-Faussett the day after the draw and she told me that her cook had drawn



SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, G.C.V.O., P.R.A., AND THE DUKE OF ATHOLL AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS' BANQUET

This notable banquet at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours was held to celebrate the 125th exhibition and was attended by almost everyone prominent in the Art world and out of it. Sir William Llewellyn has been President of the Royal Academy since 1928. The Duke of Atholl's interest in pictures is well known.

More pictures of this event in next week's issue

recovered from her hunting accident. And Mrs. Charles Winn's was a lovely mink.

Lady Mar and Kellie, who had just come down from Scotland, was in the Stewards' stand, and evidently enjoyed a good joke with Baron Frankie de Tuyl. And on the lawn I saw the other Lady Mar hurrying to pass a card over the rails. It must be very confusing for the bookmakers that their names are so much alike, and I believe they often get each other's accounts. I caught a glimpse, too, of Miss Isobel Jeans and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, both looking very pretty, and another decorative person was Mrs. Estcourt, who was with her husband.



W. Dennis Moss
AT THE SOUTH HEREFORD AND ROSS HARRIERS' POINT-TO-POINT

Mrs. A. Simmons took on the Mastership of the South Herefordshire Hounds this season, and Mr. U. R. Corbett-Winder, the present Master of the Ross Harriers, is a past Master—more than once—of the South Herefordshire. The joint point-to-point was run over a course at Fawley

a horse. A non-runner, but still seven or eight hundred pounds sure would be a god-send to most of us. The news came through just before dinner, and I think it speaks worlds for just how much that cook deserved it that dinner should have been on time and perfectly normal, except perhaps, for a slight lapse with the soufflé!

I would like to be writing this week about the National, but Friday's fixtures and early to press exigencies on account of Easter holidays mean that I am no further forward, as regards racing than the Grand Military at Sandown and the winner of the Lincolnshire. The Grand Military, of course, meant the usual gathering of clans and the meetings of old friends from all parts of the country. But how cold it was. There was such a variety of fur coats that the paddock looked like a lively Zoo, and I wondered how many little animals had contributed to keep so many women warm. There was no doubt about Lady Warrender's summer ermine. She looked very well in the bright blue hat she wore with it and seems to have quite

The sight of Colonel George Paynter recalled many former Grand Military meetings when he so often won the big event, which went this year to Sir Peter Grant Lawson. I was glad, too, to see Lord Lonsdale, who was looking very much better, and Vice-Marshal Arthur Longmore and his wife, who don't come racing very often. He has been C.O. of the R.A.F. College at Cranwell for several years now, and I believe he was one of the very first people to fly.

Among others I saw Mrs. Victor Blundell, a pretty Canadian bride of last season who married one of Lord Willingdon's A.D.C.s, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Lord Queenborough, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, and Mrs. Arthur Crichton. Lord Valentia, too, with his three orange buds, Lord Westmorland, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Wadham, and Mrs. Vaughan.—Yours ever, EVE.

The pictures of the Royal Calpe Hunt on pages 484-5 of this issue are by Chas. E. Browne.

"THE MIRACLE" REVIVAL AT THE LYCEUM



MAX REINHARDT REHEARSING MISS TILLY LOSCH



(Right) AND
MAX STILL
WITH HIS
EYE ON THE
REHEARSAL



MR. OLIVER MESSEL, MISS TILLY LOSCH (back to camera), AND LADY DIANA COOPER



PROFESSOR NILSON (the Musical Director) AND
MISS TILLY LOSCH

For the Cochran-Reinhardt production of "The Miracle," which opens at the Lyceum between April 4th and 6th, the theatre has undergone most elaborate preparations. The idea is to make the audience feel they are in a cathedral; therefore the front of the stage and the boxes are covered with a framework of Gothic tracery, and it all looks very solid and imposing. The orchestra and an organ are installed in the gallery. Where the orchestra usually is has become a crypt beneath the stage, and characters will enter this way. Lady Diana Cooper is again playing the part of the Madonna, and Miss Tilly Losch is, admittedly, the Nun. All these pictures were taken during rehearsals at which Max Reinhardt, one of the world's great producers, presided in person

THE CINEMA

A Week End

By JAMES AGATE

"WINKLEVILLE!" said the specialist, having auscultated me all over, though personally I prefer the good old English word—prod. "Spend this week-end at Winkleville. Avoid as you would the seven heavenly sins all hotels called the Magnolia, the Wistaria, the Bougainvillea, the Majolica, the Tyre and Sidon, the Mandragora, and the Mim. The front door that shuts at eleven, the hard bed, two-course meals of which one must be stewed rhubarb!" "What's wrong?" I asked feebly. "Nothing," said the specialist. "What's right?" I countered, being something of a wit. "Nothing," retorted the specialist, who was still more of a wit. "Three guineas, please!" So off to Winkleville I toddled. That is to say that I represented my condition to George who has a better car than mine. He also was feeling "not too clever"—for George is nothing if not up-to-date. So off we toddled. "Where shall we stop?" I said. "Oh, anywhere!" replied George. "That looks a nice little place," I remarked, pointing to a flight of stone steps leading up to, and the pink-sashed muslin curtains adorning, the bow-window of No. 360, Sarsaparilla Road. "Very," said George. Five minutes later we drew up outside the Tyre and Sidon. In the way of food I can only say that stewed rhubarb when eaten in a snug Restaurant du Corps Diplomatique preceded by roast pheasant and some negligible *hors d'œuvres*, washed down with a pint of something very cold and very dry, and followed by coffee, Louis-Quatorze brandy, and a Carramba-carramba—rhubarb, I repeat, even when stewed, is a very palatable dish. "What's the weather like?" I asked about midnight. George put his nose through the swing-doors:—"Hellish dark, and smells of seaweed!" "Will there be any golf to-morrow?" I asked the hall porter. "There will not be any golf to-morrow, sir," said the hall porter with all the Tyre and Sidon's admirable air of breeding. "The American Bar opens at eleven," he added thoughtfully. That was Thursday. There are some people who believe that it can rain in London. Such people have never been to Winkleville. Is there, I wonder, anything more desolate than an empty promenade in winter, with the rain pattering on the roofs of empty kiosks and piercing with ineffectual arrows the green and swollen sea? For a quarter-of-an-hour the following morning we gazed out of the windows. Not a soul passed, and the promenade was as deserted as the Channel. I do not know whether anybody has observed the curious fact that the sea at Winkleville is nearly always shipless. Nobody goes to Winkleville by boat, there is no fishing fleet, and ocean-bound steamers going up or down the Channel accomplish the journey below the horizon. A camel-less desert is dull, but a ship-less sea is duller, especially when it rains. And the whole point about this day's rain was that it was snow! So much for Friday.

On Saturday we actually had some golf, and on Sunday we lunched out of doors hatless and coatless with the sun shining on us in the best Continental manner. Such are the vagaries of the British climate. That same evening we were forcibly reminded that the British have a talent for vagaries in matters other than their climate. After lunch George and I decided to motor to the neighbouring town of Cockleville, by way of the Prawn's Back, that dull promontory which everybody visits presumably in the hope of seeing some small boy fall off it. At least, I can see no reason for the enormous number of cars which congregate there every Sunday afternoon while their owners perambulate, and half the chauffeurs ask with merry oaths if their employers do not know what time the pictures open. I say half the chauffeurs, meaning the half which is tethered to Winkleville, the melancholy truth being that for those whose duties force them to reside in Cockleville, the picture houses do not open! Now I can understand a philosophy of morals which insists that all Sunday amusements are wrong. I can understand that while it is a lawful and even praise-worthy thing on Sunday morning to immerse the body in the privacy of one's bath-room it shall be made an unlawful and sinful thing to re-immersé the same body two hours later in the public sea. But I cannot see any reason why the thing which is deemed to be an offence to civilization and good manners on one side of the Prawn's Back should be an innocent and permissible thing on the other. What happens to the swimmer whom the current takes from one parish into the other? Are policemen



OUT WEST! BILL HART AND MAURICE CHEVALIER

Maurice Chevalier and Bill Hart, the cowboy film star, are fast friends, and since the famous young Frenchman has been in Hollywood for the Paramount Films Corporation Bill Hart has taken Maurice horse-back riding in appropriate garb for a promenade à cheval over a Western Ranch

waiting with hook and line to draw this erring leviathan from the deep? Or do they pretend to take no notice while such City Fathers as have observed the incident mutter week-day oburgations in their senile beards? What happens to the lads and lassies of Cockleville who avail themselves of some wanton charabanc journeying betwixt and between the two boroughs in order that their innocence may be tarnished by that universal devastatrix, Miss Bow? Having drawn blank at the cinemas George and I paraded Cockleville's front and successively ogled a cat, an old lady in a mackintosh, and an octogenarian fisherman. On the way home George composed a diatribe on the national hypocrisy which he proposed to communicate to the entire Press. I said: "Leave out THE TATLER!" He said: "Why?" And I replied: "Because that's where a few observations of mine on the subject will appear!"

Any film being better than none, I propose, therefore, not to be too harsh about the programme at the Regal.

The one light in the darkness of *Dance Team*, the will-o'-the-wisp on that film's morass of sentiment, was the smile of Miss Sally Eilers, who is as fetching a piece of girlishness as ever raised orbs gradually from a film-actor's throat to a film-actor's eyes via the strong silence of his chin. The actor so favoured in this example was Mr. James Dunn, and the two together make the pleasantest partnership I have seen since the earlier and less-affected Gaynor-Farrell days before that combine became over-sung and over-delicious. Miss Eilers and Mr. Dunn had no songs to sing, but they danced deliciously, since it was dancers that they were asked to present. *Dance Team*, you see, was a peep behind the New York cabaret scenes and particularly behind the scene occupied by the dancing duo styled Mulligan and Kirk. They were so young, they tried to keep love out of their professional partnership, persuading themselves they only wanted fame. They achieved fame; they appeared to achieve a large amount of love as well. Then Sally was sought in marriage by an influential young man to whom James was rude. Then James was sought in marriage by a millionaire to whom James was rude similarly. Influence split the partnership for a while; then it came together again in front of a night-watchman's brazier, and everything, including the cabaret career, presumably began all over again. That was all, as it seemed to me, that happened in *Dance Team* except, of course, the dancing, the expensive eating and drinking that accompanied and applauded it, Mr. Dunn's not very convincing exhibitions of grief and unmannerliness, and Miss Eilers's heavenly grin. *The Menace*, in the same programme, proved to be a reshuffling of the Edgar Wallace criminological pack, with a stately home of England, an unfrightened and unprincipled lady, a long-lost son whose surgeon had altered his features and rid him of the inconvenient habit of leaving finger-prints, a comic bailiff, a diamond necklace, a polite absence of firearms, casual sleuths, a bewildered blonde, and some scufflings in the dark.



MISS MARLENE DIETRICH
AND MR. CLIVE BROOK

IN "SHANGHAI EXPRESS"



MISS
MARLENE
DIETRICH

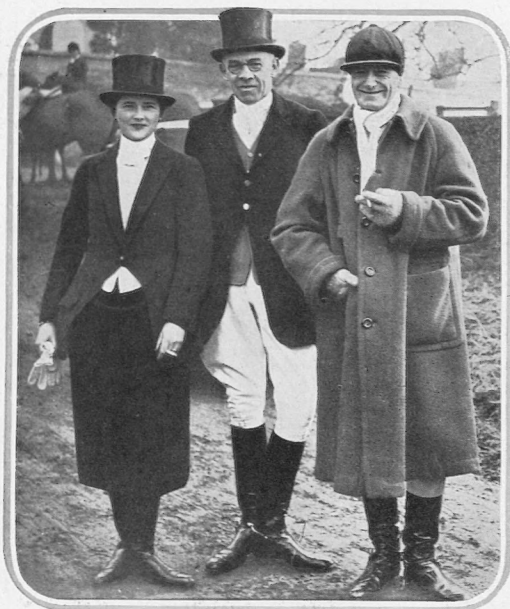


AS HUI FEI: MISS ANNA MAY WONG



ANOTHER SHOT FROM "SHANGHAI EXPRESS" AT THE CARLTON
THEATRE: CAPTAIN DONALD HARVEY (CLIVE BROOK) AND HUI FEI

"Shanghai Express," which came to the Carlton Theatre last Friday, has already made a tremendous hit in America. It is a Paramount picture, packed full of dramatic situations, and concerns the journey across a hazardous, rebel-infested interior of the Shanghai Express. Clive Brook plays the part of Captain Donald Harvey, an Englishman whose fellow-passengers include two notorious ladies of the town, Shanghai Lily (Marlene Dietrich) and Hui Fei (Anna May Wong), as well as the sinister Henry Chang (Warner Oland), whose villainy is revealed when the train is held up by rebels. A most stirring film with a strong romantic interest



WITH THE FERNIE: MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, COMMANDER
F. J. ALEXANDER, AND MAJOR MASSEY

This picture was taken the day before Mrs. Marshall Field got a bad fall when her horse turned over with her. Commander Alexander is a future Joint Master of the Fernie. This Kings Norton fixture was Major Massey's first appearance since his bad fall. He damaged his head, hence the bump helmet. He is the Fernie's most popular secretary

A Leicestershire Letter

Despite bright cold days and frost at night sport has been much better than one could expect during the past week. The Belvoir on Wednesday hunted well from Clawson Thorns nearly into Melton, in the course of which there was a good deal of grief. It was most careless of one lady to fall, as it was bound to bring down the lady riding only a length behind her. The latter being on top of the schlemozzle was able to point this out in a stream of the most forcible profanity, while the former was still too dazed to reply. Brose was down no less than four times, but as each time he remounted at once the horse only won on points. Bescaby was drawn blank in a blinding snow-storm, and for one dreadful moment it looked as though Gordon was going to draw again, but his better nature prevailed, and we were allowed to go home. Our congratulations to Peter on winning the Maiden Hunters Chase at Sandown.

The Cottesmore had a first-class day on Saturday, winding up by killing a stone-cold fox in the open after a clinking hunt from Manton gorse. The Belvoir didn't do so well though they hunted well on a moderate scent over a lot of the Melton Wednesday country. During the course of this Elizabeth had an extremely nasty accident by her horse swerving and jumping her face into a branch. She has everyone's wishes for a speedy and complete recovery.

Jimmy Clarke threw a great party on the Saturday



MISS B. FURNISS WITH THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS

A picture taken when this famous pack was at Wardlow Mires. The knee-caps and heavy bandages are necessary because of the stone walls and the casualties they cause

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

night at Craven Lodge, which went on till all hours. And now with the Lincoln and the National we bid good-bye with many regrets to one of the best, if not the best, season since the War, and with it the retirement of Algy. Seldom if ever has there been a field master who, by hardly raising his voice, could control a large and unruly field in the way he did by his personality and his original, pointed, but never malicious wit. What grand gallops we've had with him, and what fun it always was as well. Let's hope that though resigning office he will continue for many years to hunt with us.

With the fervent hope that we may all summer well and come up sound (financially) in October we bid adieu, or with luck, au revoir.

Answer to Correspondent

HUSSAR.—The remedy you mention is for horses. The name is Cupiss, not Cupid.

From the Fernie

An exhilarating morning at Saddington witnessed a good turn-out of regulars and visitors on Monday. Conditions were good, and finding at once in Holman's hounds were off without delay. The first fence, a big 'un, came early, and a close seat was necessary for safe conveyance. Reaching Gumley the hunt opened out, taking us over to the Laughton Hills thence across the Theddingworth Flats to Hothorpe and the Marston Woods, a good nine-mile point being notched at Maidwell before our fox disappeared in Scotland Wood well within Pytchley domain. It was a red-letter day.

The Levy-Levy wedding on Tuesday was a brilliant function, and the meet at Claridge's after the ceremony found many fox-hunters present. The bridegroom, a popular member of an old Fernieite family, was viewed away by many well-wishing friends. Good luck to the newly-weds.

King's Norton, a real Leicestershire sleepy hollow, harboured us on Thursday. With a fox from the Gorse an enjoyable left-handed ring to Stretton and Tamboro' was followed by another excellent hunt from Forsells to kill near Illeston Black Spinney. With perfect going and clean fences the flying squad let themselves all out. Mrs. Marshall Field unfortunately came a bad cropper near Frisby, but was able to reach home by car without, we understand, serious consequences. With a record season almost ended, open weather, plenty of foxes, and a prolific bag we have much to congratulate ourselves upon. Huntsman and staff deserve much credit for the sport shown. Next season we shall have a third Joint-Master in the person of Commander Alexander of Hothorpe Hall, a keen man to hounds and in the polo field.

From the Heythrop

There is an old saying that "March wind and May sun makes clothes white and maids dun," but this year it is a case of March wind and March sun makes the outlook black as the hunting is nearly done, as already those blooming primroses and stinking violets are about the only things that carry a scent in this weather. Sport this week, however, has been good in parts, and on Saturday, at any rate, there was as good a day's entertainment as we have had this season, the fun beginning at 10.30 with the Welsh Guards' point-to-point, but judging from the congestion at the meet, it was more like the main street of the International Settlement just before the pubs open. This

(Continued on p. 480)



WELL-KNOWN PERSONALITIES

Above are (left to right): Lieut.-Colonel Edgar Brassey, the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness, Lady Gull, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, Mrs. Phillipson, Mrs. Hearst, Lady Stanley, and Sir Richard Gull ashore at Jamaica, which has been a port of call for many notabilities this winter

OVER SEAS



SIR FRANK MEYER IN CAIRO

The ex-King of Spain has been doing some conscientious sight-seeing during his visit to Egypt, and was photographed while inspecting the Mosque of Mohamed Ali at the Citadel, Cairo. Sir Frank Meyer, the Deputy Chairman of De Beers, is also in Egypt at the moment, but Sir Giles Scott, the designer of the much-discussed new Waterloo Bridge, decided on a cruise in the Mediterranean as the most restful form of holiday

Arthur Dunn AT JAMAICA

Sir Edmund Findlay (on the right), who succeeded his father, Sir John Findlay, the proprietor of "The Scotsman," as 2nd Baronet in 1930, is at present paying Cairo a visit, and finding it a very good idea



SIR EDMUND FINDLAY
AT SEMIRAMIS HOTEL



TOURING EGYPT: H.M. KING ALFONSO



CRUISING: SIR GILES AND LADY SCOTT

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

The Tragic Lover.

THE person, especially the woman, who concentrates all her affection either on one person or on herself is simply asking for loneliness and misery. It is dangerous to put all your eggs into one basket whether they be money or love. Sooner or later we have all of us to come back to the silent sanctuary which lies within ourselves. And love, especially the concentrated kind of love, is half divine and half selfish, with, of course, a veneer upon it. It is unwise simply and entirely to love only one person, chiefly because none of us is worthy or capable of returning such ruthless affection. To be so worthy would be to give up the entire possession of ourselves. For the love which concentrates is the love which would demand complete and absolute surrender, and you sometimes see the sad result of this in "only children," and in men and women who have too blindly and too slavishly effaced themselves. Alas, however, we love as we are made. There is no cure for our madness except experience, and the greatest experiences of all are invariably the saddest. Intensely concentrated love goes invariably with intensely concentrated jealousy, and the result is inner-devastation, almost inevitably; unless death intervenes. It cannot be helped. It is not good for any of us to love or to be loved too fervently. We cannot sustain the heights. For love can so easily turn into blind possession, and to be loved thus ends in satiety. If there be no feeling of liberty there is no feeling of happiness, and half the charm of a garden is the knowledge that there is a gate, though we may never want to use the key. I have just been reading the moving and tragic story of a woman who in turn concentrated all of herself, all of her life, all of her faith, on three people—her husband, her son, and God. Each in his turn failed her, simply because in her love for them there was no moment of compromise. She killed the thing she loved simply because she loved it too possessively, too jealously; demanding too much, yielding too little. The book is Dr. A. J. Cronin's "Three Loves" (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), and it is a worthy fulfilment of the great promise of "Hatter's Castle." Lucy Moore is the central figure of this powerful and haunting story, of which the first part, in parenthesis, is by far the best. We watch pitifully how her home and happiness are wrecked by her intense possessiveness of her easy-going Irish husband, and her groundless jealousy of his cousin, Anna Galton, who challenges that possession simply by failing to fulfil her part in its obligation. We go, with her when, a widow, she works and slaves for her only child, a boy, and how in her spirit of possessiveness she creates estrangement between them when, grown up, he marries a girl of whom she does not approve. She would not have approved of any girl, perhaps. Lastly, we are with her in a Belgian convent whither, in her reaction against the loss of the love she bore to husband and son, she seeks consolation in God—only to discover that in a convent God must be approached in an utter negation of the will-to-be. Lastly, to a casual ward in a London hospital, where she dies deserted yet still unyielding. Lucy is a pitiful, rather than a sympathetic character; we admire her, while realizing how wrong she is. She had all the virtues which can be painted in the primary colours and the result is ineffective. But her life story is marvellously well told, poignant, moving to a degree. While the secondary characters stand out startlingly individual. It is a very long book but it is worth reading without skipping a single line from beginning to end.

The Perfect Title.

How fearfully we should be respected, what a reputation for wit would be ours . . . if only . . . if only we could have uttered those apt retorts which come into our minds when it is too late to create a sensation. What arguments we

have won as we lie thinking during the quiet hours of the night of the discussions of the day gone by. How very brilliant would have been our "back-chat" could we only have thought of saying this and that just when it would have flummoxed those present. As it is, most of us let our verbal opportunities go by, though

nearly every one of us is Bernard Shaw at his wittiest when there is nobody about to listen to us. I could not help thinking of this as I was reading "Mary Cameron's" book of reminiscences, "Merrily I Go To Hell" (Allen and Unwin 10s.). I find it so difficult to believe that any child of six or seven could have so successfully put its elders in their improper places; not as a bit of luck, which is the way of most of us, but as a kind of daily dose. Consequently, and for example, I would like to hear the version of her school life from her head-mistress. As it is, Mary apparently struck out verbally right and left—living

gaily in a little world which she positively withered with her remarks. It may, of course, all be perfectly true, but for me it all reads rather like the reminiscences of childhood and school life as we would like to be able to re-write them, if only we had had then the unhallowed boldness we now possess, in greater measure anyway. The "Camerons" must have been an impossible family. There were twelve of them, and each one seems to have been a governess' nightmare. Their father, a clergyman, as well as their mother, appear to have had so little to do with their children, had, indeed, so little influence upon them, that I should not have been at all surprised to read that they weren't quite certain of the exact number they possessed. From this, which must have been an inferno of a nursery, the writer herself emerged to bring hell's fire into a sedate girls' school. Eventually she was expelled by her own volition. At the age of eighteen, the Great War being on, she defied her father and joined the Red Cross in London, quickly going out to France, where she became a dish-washer, etc., in a duchess's hospital near Etaples. Her description of this place reads more like a holiday home for the younger staff than a hospital, but Mary again had a "hell of a time." "The patients," she tells us, "were largely members of the Household Cavalry and other expensive regiments. It was nothing in those days to see a couple of Dukes washing the dishes while an Earl and a Viscount dried them efficiently. Meanwhile I would be sitting on a table



M. ALFRED CORTOT IN LEEDS

M. Cortot, the famous pianist and professor of the Paris Conservatoire, recently gave a recital at the Town Hall, Leeds, and this picture was taken at the time it happened. M. Cortot was educated at the Conservatoire and at one time in his distinguished career was concerned with Wagner's widow in the arrangements for the production of "Gotterdammerung" and "Tristan and Isolde."



MR. JAMES JOYCE

By A. Bilis in Paris

An excellent black and white portrait sketch of the Irish author and sometime poet, for in addition to his many prose works Mr. Joyce in his earlier times wrote the Chamber music verses. He was born in Dublin in 1882 and at various times he has lived in Paris, Rome, Trieste, and Zurich

A STONE CERTAINTY!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Mistress (to maid, after repeated breakages): You really must be more careful, Mary.
Mary: Well, mum, what can you expect with these stone floors.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

instructing them in the gentle art of scullery work." Again I would like to hear the "other side" of this entertainingly frivolous story and if all were possible for a young girl to do even in such circumstances. However, the War over, Mary continued to enjoy herself in London as if the tragedy just over were a series of extra-bloody international hockey-matches. She went on the stage. Father, mother, friends, and relations seem to have gone up in thin air by this time. She toured England in a "show." She appeared in a London "show." She toured South Africa, India, and elsewhere in "shows." She went to America and made such a long tour with the Pioneer Touring Company of the New York Theatre Guild that—quite understandably—she could have murdered the whole company at the end; she saw so much of them before the tour was over. We leave her at last in an American speakeasy gazing mesmerized at a strange man whom she realizes is the kind of man

she had subconsciously been waiting for all the time she was going so merrily to hell. But the strange thing is that "hell" seems much nearer to her during her early years. I won't say she ever became the "vicarage pet" but there was considerably less "smash-and-grab" about her as she got older. But to enjoy the book you must take these "Reminiscences of a Clergyman's Daughter" as you find them. And if the ideals of the vicarage are still yours in their entirety you may consider them very "shocking" indeed. All the same the writer is invariably good company. Her life seems to have been that of a tomboy everlastingly playing a tomtom, but there is a certain rhythm in her playing all the same; that is to say, if you don't mind a jazzy noise all the time. Lots of the book is written in dialogue describing scenes which happened years ago, so you can take the truth about them as you prefer. In fact it would be better to take the whole book as you find it, just as it is better to take some people as you find them. So you will take Mary's reminiscences as either "the stuff to give 'em" or shake your greying toupet over the tea-table in thankfulness that your niece, "dear Alice," isn't a bit like "that creature" thank God! But what a superb title the authoress has chosen all the same.

Delightful Memoirs.

If only we could be shut up with acquaintances for a fortnight we shouldn't clutter our lives with half so many semi-tedious people. If you can live alone for a couple of weeks with someone and not want to murder him at the end of that time, then you and he may easily turn out to be friends for life. Or, at least for one of those periods which mark the various stages in our development. I cannot therefore pay Miss Maud Valérie White a more personal compliment than by stating that if her second book of reminiscences, "My Indian Summer" (Grayson. 15s.), had been twice, or three times as long, I would still have read the last fifty pages extra specially slowly, just in order that my enjoyment might have seemed to last longer. She is a great reader, an intense lover of beauty,

she has travelled widely; she is, of course, a very well-known musician and composer of songs, but from a reader's point of view it is her sense of humour, her delightful gift for friendship which emerge from the pages of her book as the most charming companionship of a most charming companion. She tells us of her experiences with the well-known people she has met in her life, of the books she has read which have impressed her, of her various little homes in Broadway, in Worcestershire, in Taormina, in Rome, in London; of her travels and the lovely things she has seen which for the moment, and as memories, made her own life beautiful too—and the whole makes a volume of extraordinary friendliness. One feels that if one should happen to meet her one could immediately settle down to one of those rare and delightful exchanges of intimacy which only happen when people, who are akin in mind and spirit, come face to face, their ideas flowing and mingling in a way

which is one of the pleasantest adventures in all life. As a writer, Maud Valérie White has the gift of making even the trivial seem amusing, while at the same time things of greater interest appear as a lovely confidence as between herself and us. Yet it is always and all the time the antithesis of personal twaddle. I cannot think of a recent book which would make a more enchanting companion for a quiet day over the fireside. It is not a book of "revelations," thank goodness; that is to say, in the manner by which revelations are expected to make the eyebrows of all those to whom they are revealed shoot upwards to be lost in the first wave of hair. But at least one interesting fact emerges which is full of historical interest, and that is a letter from the present Duke of Brontë, the Hon. Sir Alexander Nelson, written in reply to Miss White's inquiry regarding the truth that the annuity bequeathed by Nelson to Lady Hamilton was never paid. He writes: "To the day

of her death, Lady Hamilton, according to the terms of the hero's will, was paid and received from my great-grandfather, . . . the sum of £500 per annum. I have all the receipts signed by her. . . . Merton became hers, but was swallowed up by her heedless ways, but she had £500 a year until her death in Calais, where she lies in an unknown grave, poor thing." To return, however, to Miss White's book. It ought to have been illustrated. I would like to have seen so much which she describes—her homes, her friends, herself—some of the loveliness which makes so many of her memories such an abiding joy.

Thoughts from "My Indian Summer."

"Happy laughter is a tonic to which few others can be compared."

"When you are wearing a life-belt, how bravely you splash about in water that nothing would have induced you to enter without it."

"Thank God it isn't necessary to be perfect in order to be loved."



"Hair going very grey, sir"
"I'm not surprised; hurry up"

"MURDER ON THE SECOND FLOOR"—BY THE GUNNERS



MRS. F. L. McNAUGHTON (Mrs. Armitage)
AND MRS. J. R. BYRNE (Miss Snell)



MR. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN (the producer) AND
MAJOR A. J. C. POLLOCK (Hugh Bromilow)



MR. G. E. S. PROES (P.C. Thomson) AND
CAPTAIN J. H. LEATHER (Jam Singh)



FINDING THE BODY: (Left to right)
Mr. S. R. OSMOND (P.C. Rogers), COLONEL
SIR R. W. ST. L. GETHIN (the Inspector),
MRS. K. F. FREELAND (Lucy Timson, the
victim), MR. G. E. S. PROES (P.C. Thomson)
MRS. F. L. McNAUGHTON (Mrs. Armitage),
MR. F. L. BRUFORD (Mr. Armitage)



MAJOR E. C. STRETTON
(Director of Music)



MAJOR K. F. FREE-
LAND (Stage Manager)



CAPTAIN G. C. G. GREY (Joseph Reynolds), MRS. K. F.
FREELAND (Lucy) IN THE MURDER SCENE

The officers of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, put on a double bill at this famous old R.A. theatre which first came into existence in 1863, and Frank Vosper's "Murder on the Second Floor" was preceded by Edward Knoblock's one act curtain raiser "A War Committee." In each case the casts found the range most accurately and there were no dud shells fired. "Murder on the Second Floor," that thriller of a Bloomsbury boarding house, was last revived at the Lyric in November, 1929, with Mr. Alfred Leister playing Joseph Reynolds, one of the villains, and Mr. Frank Cochrane the other one, Jam Singh. Captain Grey and Captain Leather played these parts in this excellent amateur presentation very well indeed

Photographs by Arthur Owen

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

(Continued from p. 474)

point-to-point was what is commonly called an "old-fashioned" point-to-point. To the uninitiated we should explain that all that really happened was that all the King's horses and all the King's men rode down the vale and then rode back again. Also, that there were no bookmakers and no official race-cards, but in most other respects it was not unlike any other point-to-point meeting, as the wind was bitterly cold. The start was not quite up to time, but the racing was keenly contested, and the winner rode a well-judged race.

From the York and Ainsty

Both packs were out on Thursday (10th), but neither had much of a day. The South met at Stillingfleet and the North at Aldborough. It was curious weather; no rain to speak of for two months, and frosts every night this last week.

On Saturday (12th) it froze so hard that the North pack, meeting at Birstwith, were actually stopped hunting, though they waited till 12.30 before giving up hope. The South were at Aughton and had quite an enjoyable day. The outlier near Aughton Village soon disappeared, but at Ellerton Thorns we found what was probably our old friend, for he ran (with some variations) much the same line as last time we were here, and was lost somewhere near Gribthorpe after a nice hunt of an hour—any amount of jumping and a certain number of casualties, though no damage except to hats.

Tuesday saw us at Losenger Lane for yet another "last day in the Ainsty," so we live in hopes there may be one or two more!

These are our last notes, so let us finish by being thankful for two things—first, that we haven't had to struggle to get new masters like so many other hunts; and secondly, for such a very open season. My diary tells me I've missed one day through fog and five through frost, and that's all.

From Warwickshire

At last a drop (and only a drop) of rain, making hunting more possible, and Thursday from Clifford Chambers was a very good day for hounds. They killed a brace, one in the open, after a good slow hunt when they ran into him, stone cold, at the foot of Meon Hill. Scent must have improved, as the pack hunted up and down the hills very perseveringly, and ran quite fast at times.

The point-to-point at Chesterton on Thursday attracted a large crowd, as apart from being one of the finest natural grand stands in the country, the racing was most interesting and delightful to watch. We congratulate Jack on the splendid course, and also for winning two races! The going was perfect and there were very few falls, and not the grief as predicted by the south country sportsman who brought horses and sent them home again. More gaieties that evening at Upton, where Lady Bearstead gave a small dance which everybody enjoyed immensely.

The hounds had another busy day from Farnborough on Friday, but not so good as on Saturday from Ham Bridge, when we ran through most of our good country—from Watgall in the morning to Pillerton in the evening.

Hounds flew first thing from the former covert to put their fox to ground above Ladbroke, and later they killed one from Bawcutts. A fox from Sybil's Gorse ran across the Thursday country to be lost near Shepherd's Gorse. She was very heavy and helpless, or so thought the gallant rescuers, who struggled for some time to extricate her. The horse looked to share the same opinion!



ON A COLD AND FROSTY MORNING

Lady Carnarvon and Mrs. Colin Buist talking to Lady Eileen Clarke, who kept to her car when the Quorn met at Ashby-Folville. A heavy snow-storm completely blotted out hunting operations later in the day



A RETIRING MASTER

Mr. Ernest Heatley, M.F.H., (left) with Colonel Jarvis at a recent race-meeting. Mr. Heatley is retiring from the Mastership of the Essex Union at the end of the season after having held office for fourteen years

From Lincolnshire

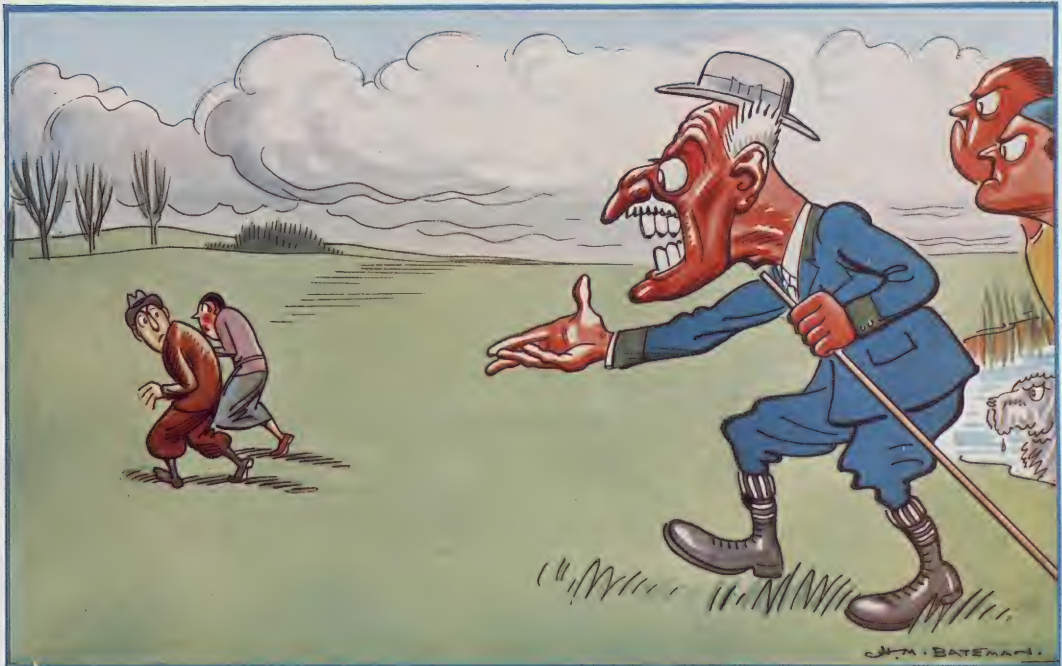
Twelve o'clock meets are a sure sign that the end is in sight. It is not expected that the season will be prolonged to any extent, for owing to the long absence of rain recent sport has been carried on with difficulty. Moreover it has been a wonderful season with hardly a single stop either for frost or snow. There have been no outstanding features of late if we except the Blankney's Dunstan Pillar Day, when hounds provided a nice seventy-five minutes from Boothby Graffoe. Brocklesby foxes have a decided taste for running into hamlets and villages, where they hide among bricks and mortar. One tried this experiment when hounds met at Welbeck Hill. He caused intense excitement at Laceby by dodging in and out of the gardens of the local cottagers with hounds close to his tag. Even then he secured the points! Mention of the Brocklesby reminds me that we are losing Captain H. A. Jaffray, who has been Joint with Lord Yarborough for four seasons. He is going to the Cotswold to join Rear-Admiral Martin. We shall miss him much. That he may show as good sport in Gloucestershire as in Lincolnshire is the sincere wish of all hunting with the historic pack. Next season the Brocklesby will hunt two days a week instead of four.

This reduction of hunting days is, let us hope, only temporary. It is not the first time that it has happened in Brocklesby history, nor is this the first time that the dog-hounds have had to be sold.

ALWAYS WRONG



We are unlucky. When we went out with the Foxhounds the Master cursed us for heading the fox—



—and when we went out with the Otter hounds the Master cursed us for *not* heading the otter!

By H. M. BATEMAN



In a Class by Itself

C.F.H. 1329.



Photographs by Joan Craven, Grafton Street

MISS DIANE CHAMBERLAIN

Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain's only daughter, who was a debutante of 1930, is a very intelligent young lady, and prefers to think things out for herself rather than take them for granted. Art and music both appeal to her, but it must not be imagined that her interests are all high-brow, for she enters into social gaieties with zest. Miss Chamberlain has two brothers, the elder of whom, called Joseph after his famous grandfather, is in the Coldstream



THE ROYAL



THE CALPE POINT-TO-POINT: "CROSSING THE SPANISH MAIN"

A bit of the Point-to-Point course at Guadacorte, where the Point-to-Point was run, was flooded as a consequence of the recent heavy rains. This picture was taken whilst the Spanish Cup was being run and the rear-guard had rather a wet time of it

MISS L. BURNES, MRS. W. H. SMITH
AND COL. RAITTTHE HON. MRS. ALICK TOD, WINNER
OF THE LADIES' RACEMR. ARTHUR HANKEY AND LORD
CAVAN

The pictures on this page were taken at the Calpe Point-to-Point, at Guadacorte, which is a quite typical bit of their country, and they ran it whilst the Atlantic Fleet—now called the Home Fleet—was in. The sailors are great supporters of this ancient hunt, which disputes with the Pau descent from the Iron Duke's Peninsular Pack. The Hon. Mrs. Alick Tod, who is a daughter of Lord Churchill, rode Sir Alex. Godley's Thunderbolt to victory in the Ladies' Race. General Sir Alexander Godley has been Governor and C-in-C. Gibraltar since 1928. Lord Cavan, who was out on a visit, is a former and very famous Master of the Hertfordshire, and Mr. Arthur Hankey was a steward of the meeting and also whips-in to the hounds. Colonel Raitt is not unknown exactly in English racing circles

CALPE HUNT



THE MARQUIS OF MARZALES, M.F.H., THE HOUNDS AND THE STAFF

A typical bit of the country frames this attractive picture. The Master hunts hounds himself, and in this picture they met at one of the numerous cork wood-coverts which abound. There are no stand-up-and-knock-down fences to speak of, but a few brooks and open ditches which demand respect.



PESINO, THE EARTH-STOPPER AND KENNEL HUNTSMAN



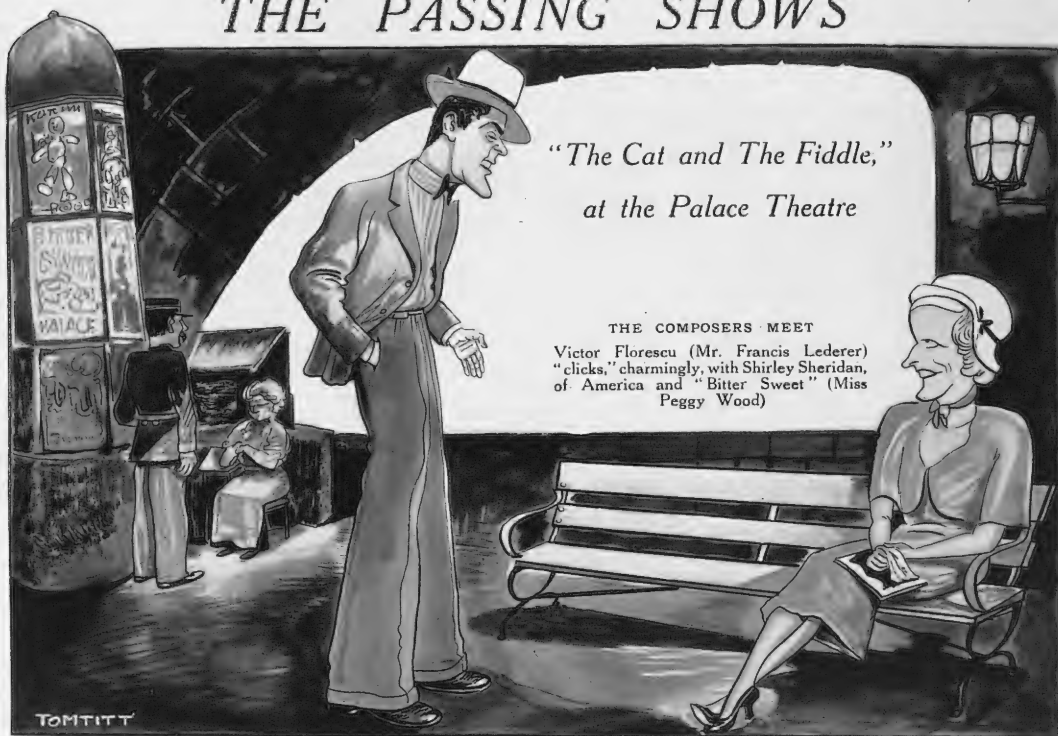
MAJOR A. J. MELLOR



LADY MARY CRICHTON-STUART
AT A RECENT TRYST

Quite apart from the noble Master, Pesino, the earth-stopper, says a bibful about the Calpe hounds, and is a great local personality. Major Mellor is on the wireless staff at "Gib." Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute and has a house at Guadacorte. Opinions differ as to the precise circumstances under which the Calpe Hunt was called into being. There is a theory that, towards the close of the Peninsular War, the original pack was bequeathed to the Gibraltar garrison by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought it with him from England. Quite as good a claim, however, has been put forward by the minute books of an old-time British Club at Cadiz; and documents show that when the Club was disbanded in 1814, several couples of hounds belonging to it were presented to the 29th Foot (now the 1st Worcesters), to solace them during their exile at "Gib."

THE PASSING SHOWS



*"The Cat and The Fiddle,"
at the Palace Theatre*

THE COMPOSERS MEET

Victor Florescu (Mr. Francis Lederer)
"clicks," charmingly, with Shirley Sheridan,
of America and "Bitter Sweet" (Miss
Peggy Wood)

THE impossible has happened. The cow—in a musical-comedy manner of speaking—has jumped over the moon. The wonder-workers are Messrs. Jerome Kern (music) and Otto Harbach (book). Many others

deserve their honourable mention on the programme—M. Henry Dreyfuss for his settings; Lady Queensberry for her costumes; Mr. William Mollison for staging this American miracle; Mr. Cochran for the *cachet* of his auspices—but the

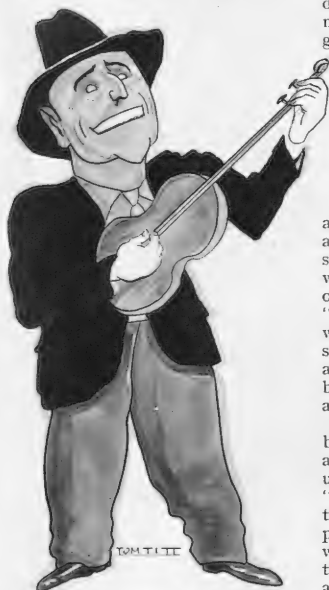
authors deserve the first and loudest cheer. In some fifteen scenes, and with a chorus of a dozen or so, they have written "a musical love story" in which the music and the story are definite entities, and yet so cunningly blended that both inspire and belong to each other.

In musical comedy (stock brand), dialogue and ditties are strangers, if not enemies, united only by a periodical "cue for song." Sometimes the song-and-dance stuff is produced by one expert, while another attends to the "book." The former always wins.

In *The Cat and the Fiddle* the harmony between author and composer is something to make hard-boiled critics shed tears

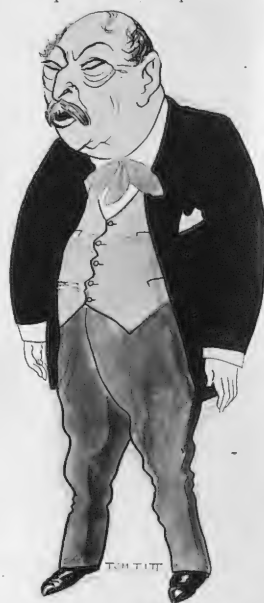
of joy, astonishment and gratitude. This concord points a harsh finger at our friends the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, whose concerted interruptions are responsible for half the conventional inanities of musical comedy.

On the other hand, Mr. Kern's score is so tuneless and catchy that the informal way of presenting certain numbers is rather tantalising. There are some clever reprises which dovetail neatly into the story, but there is none of that plugging which almost every tune deserves on its merits. This novel restraint is refreshing and, according to the *Oliver Twist* principle, eminently sound. It gives to the piece a certain elusive charm and distinction; the element of surprise and delight is always at work. To do justice to the originality of collaboration and production is not easy. The interlude when the orchestra echoes the effect of the night wind stirring the drops of glass candlesticks near an open window to a musical tinkle must be seen and heard. The most original number is the harmonious battle of two rivals' pianos; one played by the moody Roumanian composer—who is the hero and Mr. Francis Lederer—in his studio in Brussels; the other banged



"THE NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE"

Pompineau, most romantic of troubadours (Mr. Henri Leoni), sings one of Shirley's songs



VICTOR'S SECRETARY

Chester Biddlesley (Mr. Morton Seltén) loses most letters—including Shirley's last one to Victor. Hence some of this "love story to music"



THE OTHER WOMAN

To the French actress (Mlle. Alice Delysia) all's fair in love as in war

Night was Made for Love." For Shirley is a musician too, but jazz-minded, and yet sensitive enough to hate the thought of chipping in on somebody else's score. But M. Daudet (Mr. Austin Trevor), a gallant lover and a shrewd showman, insists that Victor's piece, "The Passionate Pilgrim" (we get in as well, with Mr. Eric Marshall (Harlequin) and Miss Muriel Barron (Pierrette) singing delightfully in a fantastic garden where blooms a tree with feathers for leaves), is too sad and sombre. He suggests interpolating Shirley's tunes to give the necessary pep. Victor, of the ruffled hair and the poetic frenzy of unrequited love, refuses. There is a "scene" on the stage at the dress rehearsal. Victor's artistic soul revolts at the intrusion of Shirley's jazz. Shirley, having previously fallen into Victor's arms, thanks to the rivalry of the two pianos in the same square, now falls into Daudet's. Alice, the French actress (Miss Alice Delysia), who loves Victor and is the violin-playing Pierrot in his play, is the jealous "Cat" who plays the fiddle and does her best to bring about an unhappy ending. But Pompineau is

defiantly by—if he only knew it—the American girl (Miss Peggy Wood) he met, loved and lost, all because his Edwardian walrus of a secretary (Mr. Morton Selten) mislaid the letter which gave him her address in Paris. This duet is a brilliant rebuff to the conventions. The challenge of feminine jazz to male virtuosity is not only musically effective, but the *motif* of a love-at-first-sight romance which throws a backstage sidelight on the clash between the commercial low-brow and the high-brow purist.

In *The Cat and the Fiddle*, which is a story of two composers who fall in love with each other, the box office gets the better of the artistic temperament, while Cupid holds the stakes. The gloomy Victor won't alter the music of his new operetta, which has been inspired by the Shirley Sheridan he met and made love to so attractively by the quayside. Well may Pompineau, the smiling troubadour (Mr. Henri Leon), sing on this glamorous July evening Shirley's own song, "The

at hand to prove that Shirley, although "She didn't say Yes, she didn't say No," did *not* spend the night in Daudet's flat after the triumphant first night of Victor's hotted-up masterpiece, but ran home to her brother (Mr. Fred Conyngham) and the lively partner of his heart and dancing act (Miss Gina Malo). These two combine snappily in domestic cross-talk and jazzy footwork. Miss Malo, who did much to enliven *Viktoria and Her Hussar*, has the American soubrette business off pat—and, if I may say so, legs simply made to be looked at.

Miss Delysia is, as usual, her volatile, ingratiating self; to die poetically as Pierrot in one scene and be naughtily daring in the next (one of those intimate car interiors by night which Mr. Hackett is rather fond of) puts no strain on her versatile range. Miss Peggy Wood acts almost better than she sings; Mr. Morton Selten is once more the Edwardian snark who explodes violently, only to fade away; Mr. Martin Walker scores quietly but heavily by lifting the haw-haw British baronet and "backer" out of the ordinary rut of silly-asses; Mr. Austin Trevor becomes French to the finger-



IMPRESARIOS

The brainless British backer (Mr. Martin Walker) and the gallant Gallic showman (Mr. Austin Trevor)



PEPPING UP "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM"

Shirley's brother (Mr. Fred Conyngham) and his spritely better half (Miss Gina Malo) supply the ginger to Victor's love-inspired comedietta

tips with masterly versatility; and Miss Babs Valerie takes a few bright chances as a Cockney chambermaid. Mr. Francis Lederer's lover-lorn, highly-strung composer is so deep-felt and sensitively acted (I nearly wrote "under-acted") that a performance of this brilliance and restraint in a musical play is something to be remembered.

If you want a new experience—set off by delicious music, capital acting, settings artistic and varied, a good story, charming love-making and misunderstandings, two spicy miniature scenes, and more originality in song production than has ever been dreamed about in the philosophy of Shaftesbury Avenue—see *The Cat and the Fiddle* right now. It deserves to run for two years.

"TRINCULO."



AT THE SCHEHERAZADE CABARET-DANSANT IN PARIS

This group of people at this gay function is held to prove definitely that Paris is beginning to recover from the thing called "La Crise Mondiale" and is not letting it interfere with her night life. Fourth and fifth from the left of the picture are the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Boris of Russia, and then the famous Mistinguett, M. Vasconcellos, a lady whose name is not given, the Comtesse de la Bérardière, H.R.H. Prince Louis Philippe de Bourbon, and Mrs. Violet Rogers

TRÈS CHER,—Jennie Dolly gave such a jolly little party for her "twin" the other night. Rosie came hurtling through Paris *en route* for New York and her third matrimonial venture. She arrived with fiancé, baggage, and big car complete—having travelled all night—at 7 a.m. on Tuesday morning, tried on frocks all day, danced all night, and departed by the *Olympic* next morning!

The dancing all night was not according to plan, for the party was by way of being a surprise! It was an evening-gown-afternoon-dress-tweed-suit-dinner-coat-tails affair, a come-as-you-please and let 's-all-do-as-we-like party, organised on the spur of the moment, and was therefore, as such things usually are, mightily successful. One of the brightest moments was when Harry Pilcer, as the groom, and Jennie, as the bride, marched in on us in full bridal array. They represented the partners of a rube wedding (for heaven's sake get the "b" right, Mr. Printer!), with Harry in the funniest hard hat and cutaway coat imaginable, while Jennie wore a *Belle Jardinière* gown of white cotton-back satin, with a wreath of tangerines instead of orange-blossom, and pillows padding her person where they would make the most effect. Erskine Gwynne read an address in his best Boulevardier manner, while the young pair giggled coyly and Rosie sprayed them with fizzy water. It was all very absurd, but quite good fun, and then we settled down to backgammon, cats, gossip, and bridge.

Irving Netcher (Rosie's "third") is, you remember, Constance Talmadge's brother-in-law, and what is known in the best French as "*un sportsman*." When the happy couple have finished honey-mooning in Florida they return to Paris, and next year (D.V.W.P.) intend to go big-game shooting in Africa. Ida Rubinstein will have to furbish up her spurs. Rosie was rather upset about the description that appeared in an English paper of some of her trousseau gowns: the somewhat imaginative writer spoke of a certain evening creation—by Molyneux—that was "entirely embroidered with real seed pearls," and another trimmed with "real turquoise buttons and a diamond-mounted turquoise buckle." "Just as if," complained Rosie, "I would do such a thing at a time when the unemployed can be counted in their millions in the States!"

I have lived over here so long now that I make every kind of *gaffe* that I possibly can in such ways, and I therefore most heartily welcome a very clever and amusing book, "*Tu Viens en Angleterre*," that has just appeared on the book-stalls over here and that purposes, in a very witty manner, to set us (poor benighted foreigners) right on many points that we are likely to forget concerning the idiosyncrasies of the inhabitants of G.B. It is written by Félix de Grand'Combe, a Frenchman who has lived in England for many years, who knows the country *comme sa poche*, and who has kindly set out to give his countrymen the benefit of his experience.

He is marvellously impartial in his comments, and the sly jokes he enjoys at his countrymen's expense are made with the kindest good humour... may they be received in the spirit in which they are made! I adore him when he says: "It would not occur to many of us to wear a straw hat and brown shoes with a morning coat, but one could do it in Paris without being taken for an escaped lunatic or a criminal... in London this would be less easy!"

And, in the chapter devoted to the etiquette of letter-writing, when he gives the correct formula to be employed in writing to a tradesman: "Mr. N— will feel obliged if Mr. Seaman will kindly call on Monday about the drains," he slyly adds: "I don't know why it is, but in England one is always writing about the drains!"

He also warns his compatriots that there are many ways of pronouncing the word "madam" in England, according to whether one is addressing her Majesty, or whether one is a sales "lady" in Bond Street, a shop-girl, or a mere maid-of-all-work. This is his scale of what one might call "descending values": "Ma'am," "Madame," "Modom," "Mum," and... "Um"! And does not that final "Um" conjure up a vivid impression of the below-stairs slattern of any Bayswater boarding-house? The pitfalls of "commercial English" are also pointed out, and after reading "*Tu Viens en Angleterre*" no Frenchman should make the mistake of asking the hotel maid to iron his "neck-wear" or mend his "half-hose." In short, I think that M. Félix de Grand'Combe is a benefactor to the *Entente Cordiale*.—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



"MLLE. PARIS" 1932 (ELIANE JOURBE)

A charming picture of the lady who is adjudged the most beautiful thing in Paris this year, so far as we have gone



MISS LAURA COWIE AS THE "DARK LADY" IN "PUNCHINELLO"

Miss Laura Cowie had a big personal success in both the original and the revised versions of Mr. John Hastings Turner's sixteenth-century play at the Globe Theatre. Everyone, when this play failed to attract at its first production, said that it was too good to be put into the waste-paper basket, and the second production was far more successful. Miss Laura Cowie is cast for the part of the King's mistress, who succumbs to Punchinello, an Italian pastry-cook who has joined a troupe of strolling players. The character gave Miss Laura Cowie a chance and she responded to it superbly. Miss Laura Cowie is Mrs. John Hastings Turner, the author's wife.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé, Cromwell Place, S.W.

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AT THE WARWICKSHIRE POINT-TO-POINT

Which included the Bucks Club Race

COUSINS: MISS MARYE POLE-CAREW
AND (RIGHT) MRS. "REGGIE" WESTMISS DIANA MAINWARING
AND MISS SHEILA FOSTERWARWICKSHIRE WELL-KNOWN: MRS.
NORMAN LODER AND MRS. JOHN FANECAPTAIN BUCKMASTER WITH MRS. SAM
BENNET AND MRS. GEOFFREY POOLEMISS PATSY CRAWSHAY AND THE
HON. MRS. THISTLETHWAYTEMISS JUNE SMITH-RYLAND, HER MOTHER,
MRS. SMITH-RYLAND, AND MRS. BACHE HAY

The Warwickshire Point-to-Point is always a particularly amusing gathering, and this year's meeting, held at Chesterton, was well up to standard. Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is to be joined in the Mastership next season by Mr. Philip Dunn, was the judge. The six events included the Life Guards Regimental Race, also the Bucks Club Race, in which Captain Buckmaster was naturally taking great interest. In the bottom left-hand snapshot he is seen conducting Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's daughters' to the luncheon tent in search of something to keep out the cold! Miss Marye Pole-Carew was staying with Mrs. "Reggie" West (formerly Miss Isolde Grosvenor) both for Cheltenham races and the Point-to-Point. Her tastes are definitely sporting and she seldom comes to London, to the sorrow of her many friends there. Lady Mainwaring's daughter, who is not quite eighteen, has just had her coming-out ball; Miss Foster is the daughter of Mrs. Phipps Foster. Mrs. Norman Loder and Lady Augusta Fane's daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Fane, need no introduction to anyone connected with Warwickshire. They both wore parti-coloured hats of novel design and were in their usual good looks. Miss Patsy Crawshaw and the Hon. Mrs. Thistlethwayte were also good value; the latter's tweed was a masterpiece of neatness in emphatic checks. Mrs. Smith-Ryland had a big party on her waggon, mostly children. Mrs. Bache Hay was answering many enquiries about her husband, who has been ill with pneumonia

AT SANDOWN



MISS PEGGY CHANDOS-POLE



THE HON. MRS. WHIDBORNE AND LORD AND LADY PLUNKET



MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

CAPTAIN THE HON. BRUCE AND MRS. OGILVY
AND (RIGHT) MRS. BORWICK IN THE PADDOCKTHE HON. VANDA VIVIAN
TALKING TO MR. PHIPPSCOLONEL SIR EDWARD WORTHINGTON AND
LT.-COL. AND LADY MOIRA COMBE

This year's Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park gave great satisfaction to a vast concourse of visitors, for the weather was fine and the racing first-rate. Sir Peter Grant-Lawson's success in the big event being exceptionally popular. Many new suitings were on view. Miss Chandos-Pole, who is the daughter of General and Mrs. Chandos-Pole, and bears a great resemblance to Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, greeted the spring sunshine in an intriguing shade of mustard, while Lady Plunket's coat had a military effect quite in keeping with the occasion. Miss Gertrude Lawrence does not often go racing, and stood on a chair to see the thrills. She was in beige, with a two-colour scarf. The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy (who was Miss Primrose O'Brien before her marriage last April), Lord Vivian's daughter, the Hon. Vanda Vivian, and Lady Moira Combe were three others who also were looking decorative. Sir Edward Worthington was Physician-in-Ordinary to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught for many years.

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HAND CREAM . . . Prevents chapping, whitens and softens the hands. 4/6

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CREAM ULTRA-AMORETTA . . . Since the skin is usually quite dry at this time of the year, this combination of Amoretta Cream and a delicate oil is the perfect foundation for powder. White, Special Rachel, Bronze. 4/6

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MISS GINA MALO IN "THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE"
Pearl Freeman

The latest Cochran operation on the big scale has been a booming success from the moment it went over the top, and they are playing to capacity at the Palace at every performance. Miss Gina Malo and her dancing partner, Mr. Fred Conyngham, do their bit in the way of adding to the general hilarity of the entertainment most magnificently

THE following story is taken from Mr. T. H. Dey's excellent book, "Leaves From a Bookmaker's Book," and concerns a certain "bookie" who invested in a public-house. Here, although he gave full attention to his new business, he nevertheless contrived to take a few bets on the quiet. Apparently the authorities got to know about this, for one day a couple of detectives in plain clothes walked into his establishment, and, after ordering refreshment, entered into conversation with the proprietor. In due course the subject of racing was touched upon, and one of the plain-clothes men asked what odds the publican was laying on the forthcoming big race.

"Ten to one bar two," was the reply.

"Which two are you barring?" was then asked.

"You and your pal," said the publican-bookmaker—and that ended the discussion.

THE secretary of a Jewish firm was drawing the attention of the managing director to the fact that a certain Isaacs had been with the firm for forty years.

"Vot do you vant me to do about it?" asked the chief.

"Vell," answered the secretary, "ve ought to do something to reward him for faithful service."

"I know, my boy!" cried the other. "In future he shall be called by everyone in the office, *Mister Isaacs*!"

A pretty girl and a young man happened to be the only passengers in the compartment, and the latter thought he would like to get into conversation.

"Excuse me," he said, by way of making a start, "but haven't I seen your face before?"

"It's quite likely," retorted the girl, "this isn't the first time I've been out with it."

(With apologies to Gray's "Elegy.")

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 A line of cars winds slowly o'er the lea,
 A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way
 And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A serious discussion had arisen in the club upon the perennial subject of tariffs. The principal protagonists, having exhausted their arguments, appealed to the only other person present in the room, a wealthy but not particularly well-educated member. His tactful reply was: "No, no, gentlemen; I ain't going to side neither with the one nor the other. If you don't mind, I'd prefer to remain quite putrid."

A teacher spent a considerable time driving the theory of vulgar fractions into the heads of her class. When she felt that the class had grasped the principles involved, she asked:

"Which would you rather have—one ounce of toffee, or two half-ounces of toffee?"

One of the boys shouted instantly, "Two half-ounces, Miss."

The teacher sighed. "Now, why do you say that?" she asked.

"Please, Miss," replied the boy, "there's another bag to bust!"

PAT was arrested for being intoxicated. On being brought before the magistrate, he was asked what he was there for.

"Your Honour," said Pat, "I was arrested for being drunk."

"Well, Pat, where did you buy the liquor?"

"I didn't buy it, your Honour. A Scotchman gave it to me."

"Thirty days for perjury," snapped the magistrate.



A KIDDIE PARTY IN THE U.S.A.—SEZ YOU!

Frances Marion, a little boy named Victor Flemming, and the little creator of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—Anita Loos, who was born in 1894 and married John Emerson in 1927. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson are coming to visit us in London some time this season

The Oyster Bed



or "Call me at
GUINNESS TIME"

Guinness and Oysters are Good for you

Pictures in

the Fire "SABRETACHE" By



LADY WAVERTREE AND MISS RYAN

At the Monte Carlo tennis finals. Lady Wavertree has recently been the King of Sweden's hostess. Miss Ryan is the famous Californian tennis crack



THE PRINCESS SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE

On the beach at Monte Carlo. People are bathing every day, even though it is only March



COUNT "LUDY" SALM AND COUNT ARTENS

Another Monte Carlo Country Club snap. The two Counts are drawn together in the men's doubles and it is said are going to take a lot of stopping

THE suggestion made by the Naval Correspondent of the *Morning Post* that the crack old tea and wool clipper, *Cutty Sark*, should be utilised to give our future N.O.'s and lower-deck ratings the best possible training in seamanship, is admirable in every way if it can be carried into effect. The First Lord said in his speech on the Navy Estimates that there is no training in the world for a sailor like the training provided by masts and yards. Nothing could be truer. But where, in this era of mechanicalisation—a word I prefer to "mechanisation"—are you going to find the sailor-men who have the practical knowledge so necessary if they are to train "our midshipmen and boys in sail"? Mr. Frank C. Bowen, in that fascinating book, "The Golden Age of Sail," in his passage dealing with the *Cutty Sark*, makes this authentic statement—

"Her sail area was reduced in 1881 on account of the impossibility of getting sufficient hands, but in 1885 Captain Woodget took command of her, and once again she was in the front rank for speed. He had learnt his trade in the little collier Billy Boys, on the north-east coast, and was a practical rigger as well as a practical sailor and stevedore, so that she was always in perfect trim, and he knew that he could trust every strand of his tackle aloft."

That is the kind of man needed to train our future sailors. Have we got him—and, if we have, have we got him in the requisite numbers? There are plenty of men, no doubt, who know all about handling anything of the fore-and-aft rig, but how many men are there who have had any experience at all with a full-rigged ship, or even with anything less than that of the square-rigged type? How many people

are there who go to sea to-day who could run off without reference to a book the square sails from the courses to the royals and sky-sails, and the names of all the standing and running rigging? I may be wrong, but I should not think a large number of serving sailors in the modern navy would come too well out of a sudden *viva voce*. Why should they, when masts and sails died virtually with the *Cutty Sark* in 1869. Captain Wilfred Downman—not Dawman—has preserved her as a memento of that golden age of sail. Could he, I wonder, sign on a crew capable of sailing her out of Falmouth to the China seas to-morrow?



LORD ROBERT INNES-KER

And two of his best girls at the Monte Country Club. Lady Robert was Miss José Collins, and they are taking a flat in Monte

The last sailing-vessels for training purposes which were part of the Royal Navy which I can remember were the brigs whose mother-ship was the old wooden three-decker, H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, who lay at her moorings in Portsmouth Harbour close to where H.M.S. *Victory* used to lie; and I also seem to remember some ships of the same type which were stationed at Portland, but I am not sure as to these latter: but it was somewhat about the time of that ancient crack ironclad, H.M.S. *Warrior*, who was then considered a marvel.

There was also the training-ship H.M.S. *Eurydice*, who turned turtle off the Wight, near Ventnor and Shanklin, when she was on her way back to her station, Portsmouth, after a more extended deep-sea cruise than the little brigs usually had. *Eurydice* had all her ports open and all fair-weather sail bent. She was struck by a sudden squall and, heeling over to it, she filled and sank like a stone, all hands being lost. That is my recollection. She was either full-rigged or a barque-rigged ship. I am not clear at this distance of time.

THE READY TO WEAR

Sportswear



Photograph by Shaw Wildman.

Mrs. Rex Colclough is photographed wearing a boldly patterned suit of Cashmere Tweed in vivid checks of emerald and natural, from our new Ready-to-Wear Department. This same suit comes in six different colourings, and in sizes 32" : 34" : 36" : 38"—price **9½ gns.** We do not charge for alterations.

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THE EAST MIDLANDS TEAM

The team which beat the Barbarians (below) in the recent Mobbs Memorial Match at Northampton by 12 points to 9. The Midlands did not start favourably, as the Barbarians were admittedly a very formidable side, but the eventual winners went away with a great burst and were able to stay in front. The names in the picture are (left to right, "N" denoting Northampton), back row: D. King (N), W. H. Weston (N), F. F. Spragg (O.M.T.s), C. Slow (N). Middle row: N. A. York (N), J. H. Trean (N), E. Coley (N), A. S. Roncoroni (W. Herts), J. G. Cook (Beds), G. T. Dancer (Beds), F. Garratt (N), H. L. Hollis (London Socy.). Seated: V. E. Watkins (N), J. Millward (N), T. Harris (N), (Captain), J. E. Minahan (Hon. Sec. E. Midland R. U.), T. E. Williams (Beds)

HERE we are almost at the end of another season, with only the Easter holiday tours to come before the big ball is put away for five or six months. It has been a fairly satisfactory time on the whole, for more people have been playing Rugby than ever before, and that is the main consideration, after all. Also, the standard of play seems to have risen somewhat, though there is still room—a good deal of room—for improvement. The feature of the first half of the season was the visit of the South Africans, and about this not a great deal remains to be said. On the whole, their tour was a disappointment, for not only did they fail to show us anything new, but they did not make the best of what talent they possessed. Apart from the dullness of their methods, there was nothing to grumble about. They played the game all right, much more fairly than one or two other touring sides that might be mentioned; they won all their matches but three; and, if they were satisfied, that is all that matters. An enormous amount of drivel was written in praise of what was euphemistically described as "Osler's tactics," but, as they never varied, it was difficult to see what all the fuss was about.

As the result of the Calcutta Cup match is still on the knees of the gods as these lines are being written, it is not very easy to sum up the season, since a win over Scotland makes all the difference. Our fifteen, however, is certainly an improvement on last season's, and the selectors have built up quite a respectable, if not a great, side. One good point is the youthfulness of nearly all the players, not one of whom can be described as a veteran. It is the youngest side that ever represented England against Scotland, and every member

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

of the team should be available next year.

Perhaps the find of the season is R. A. Gerrard, though a careful eye has been kept on him ever since he left Taunton School, and, indeed, before that, by the wise men of Somerset, where they know a Rugby player when they see one. Here is a first-class centre in the making, by no means at his best yet, but possessing all the elements of possible greatness. Sturdy, and by no means slow, with fairly safe hands, a fine cut through, and a devastating tackle, this nineteen-year-old boy may go a very long way. Two Navy boys are also

likely to be of great use in the future, the Service permitting. One is N. L. Evans, a strong and dashing forward, who should come on a lot next season. The other is J. S. Walsham, who has impressed most people lately, and whose future is full of interest. So too is that of W. Elliot, England's stand-off half, who has plenty of football ability, and has not yet reached his full powers.

Wales and Scotland have no discoveries in particular, but the Irishmen can point to S. L. Waide, who may have been disappointed at not getting his Blue, but who has since received ample compensation. If it is any consolation to him, it may be said

that the Oxford authorities are probably the only people in the world who would not have put him into the 'Varsity side, so obvious was his superiority to the two wings who did play against Cambridge. Waide and E. W. F. de V. Hunt have strengthened the Irish side immensely. They have supplied the scoring power which has been lacking in the Irish back division for so long. Hunt as a centre has no superior at the present day; he may be unorthodox, but it is generally unorthodoxy that wins matches. And his tackling is deadly in its determination, as many opposing centres know. If I had to tip the winner of the national championship next season, I should select Ireland, for they have several useful young forwards as well, including more than one disciple of Mr. James Clinch.

A pleasant little ceremony marked the England v. Scotland week-end. Mr. James Baxter, who is one of the stalwarts of the Rugby Union, and was for many years chairman of the selection committee, was presented with a silver salver, which bore the signatures of all those who had served with him on the selection committee, and of all those who captained England during his period of office. Next, perhaps, to Sir Rowland Hill and Mr. Temple Gordon, no one has served the game more faithfully and with more whole-hearted enthusiasm than Mr. James Baxter, and it is pleasant to know that his work is appreciated in the way that he would like best.



THE BARBARIANS XV. AND OFFICIALS

The Barbarians very fully expected to win the Edgar Mobbs Memorial Match v. the East Midlands, at Northampton, but the home side put up a tremendous battle and came out on top by 4 tries to 3. The names in the group are (left to right), back row: H. J. F. Lane (United Services), D. M. Marr (Cambridge University), P. E. Dunkley (Harlequins), F. H. Waters (London Scottish). Middle row: E. de Lissa, H. L. G. Hughes, N. L. Evans (United Services), H. F. W. Wickett (Rosslyn Park), H. L. Hollis (referee), H. A. Haig-Smith (secretary). Seated: D. St. Clair Ford (United Services), D. J. Norman (Leicester), J. W. Forrest (United Services), J. A. Tallent (Cambridge University), R. S. Spong (Old Millhillsians), A. Key (Old Cranleighians)



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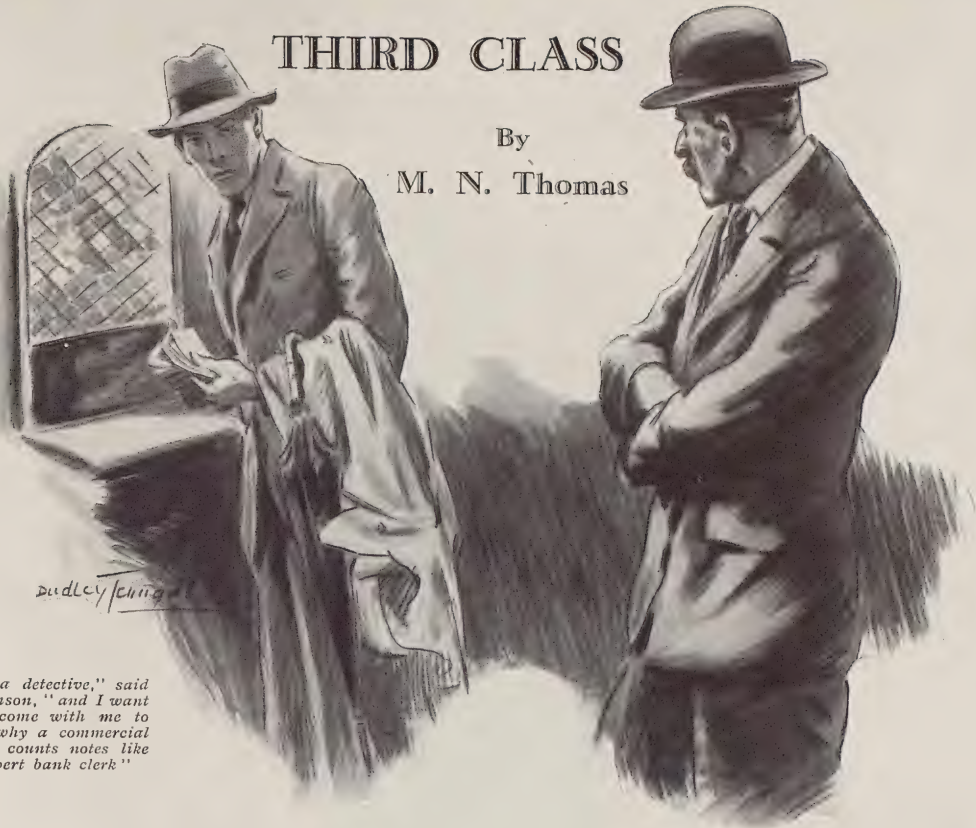
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THIRD CLASS

By

M. N. Thomas



"I am a detective," said Mr. Grimson, "and I want you to come with me to explain why a commercial traveller counts notes like an expert bank clerk"

MR. RISDON'S thin face always wore an abstracted expression even when he was talking, as though he were not concentrating on what he was saying, but on some intricate mental calculation. When he was poring over cash columns in the bank as now, he was lost to the world, rapt in a sphere where figures ruled and every farthing had its place, where right could always be proved and irregularities quickly spotted, quite unlike this topsy-turvy world. His face looked almost animated when he was counting, like a lit turnip lantern, while his long forefinger sped down the ledger and his muttered additions gathered breathless momentum.

"Mr. Risdon!"

He was stayed in his flight of figures which fell round him like Alice in Wonderland's pack of cards. He would never now have any satisfaction in totting up that column.

"Well, Brown, what is it? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Yes, sir, but I wonder if you'd mind checking this. I think there's something wrong. I can't trace three thousand pounds, and Masters hasn't come in this morning."

Even Mr. Risdon had to leave his mental arithmetic while he tried to absorb what his junior was telling him.

"Masters hasn't come in yet, Masters hasn't come in yet!" he repeated stupidly, as though Masters were a cork whose bottle was lost. "You mean, Brown, that you think Mr. Masters—"

"I never liked that chap," Brown vouchsafed darkly.

"It's not a case of like, it's a case of right, Brown," Mr. Risdon said severely. "Quite possibly you have made a mistake in your calculations, and anything may have detained Mr. Masters, it's early yet."

"It's eleven o'clock," Brown replied heavily, and added bitterly, "he was always the first to arrive in the morning."

"I cannot count and listen to you, Brown," Mr. Risdon said with uncourtly unreasonableness. "Dear, dear. You're sure everything is here? Yes, you're certainly three thousand down. Never happened to us before. Most unforeseen. I can hardly think Masters—such a pleasant, polite young man —"

Brown regarded him sombrely while he thought of the times Masters had enlivened his dull moments by peaking his shoulders, sucking in his cheeks, and making his voice whistle down his nose in a very fair imitation of Mr. Risdon.

"He had what so very few people have nowadays—address. But come, come, Brown, we mustn't stand here doing nothing. We'll go straight in to see Mr. Pugh. Bring your books. Most curious. Most painful. I never saw anyone count notes quite so quickly as he," he added almost sadly. "Of course, he may have nothing to do with it; we may be putting two and two together and making five."

Mr. Pugh was of the opinion that Masters might have a lot to do with it. He had never liked the fellow, it transpired now, he looked one too dead in the eye—suspicious, that, when one came to think of it.

"You'll not make it public, will you, sir?" Mr. Risdon asked fearfully.

"Not make it public!" Mr. Pugh exclaimed explosively. "Not make it public! The head office will have every policeman and detective after him from Land's End to John o' Groat. Do you think they'll let that narrow-eyed fox get off with —"

"No, no, I'm sure they won't," Mr. Risdon interposed hurriedly. "I only meant to keep it private—not to spoil our customers' confidence."

"Customers' confidence be —, it's that ferret of a clerk's confidence that matters. It was like him to do it at a holiday week-end—he's had three good days' start of us, the blighted swindler. And notes just come in, too, we haven't even their numbers. The head office will make a fine song about this."

Masters did not hear what the head office said, but he could imagine it fairly vividly, and he was able to read in the newspapers from day to day of the fruitless search that was being made for the absconding bank clerk. At first editors relegated two "splash" columns on their front pages to the daring,

(Continued overleaf)

Third Class—continued from p. 505

well-thought-out robbery, but as time wore on and alleged scents proved disappointing it received only half a column. Masters felt quite safe when it had dwindled to a mere paragraph stating that the bank had doubled their reward for information which would lead to a conviction; he knew enough to tell from that intimation that so far the police had no clue to his whereabouts.

It was a theft of which even one of Mr. Edgar Wallace's crooks might justly be proud, every detail planned months beforehand, a leisured affair, for Masters never made the mistake of hurrying. Any other clerk who had stolen £3,000 from the bank where he worked would have been almost certain to have made a wild bid for abroad with his suddenly amassed fortune. But Masters had not muddled himself up with any incriminating forged passports. It gave him a feeling almost of complacency to think that, as the crow flew, he was still not so very far from the bank he had robbed, going in and out of Mrs. Verrall's boarding-house like any other of her lodgers. He had grown quite accustomed to being addressed as Mr. Boyd; although even now, when he caught sight of himself unexpectedly in a mirror, he was startled and had to adjust himself to the change of his appearance.

He had read somewhere that a clever crook was secure until he became confident, but he could not refrain from giving himself a mental pat on the back when he heard himself gravely agreeing with Mrs. Soutar at the breakfast table that these robberies were never, never worth it, and how grieved that young man Masters' mother would have been had she been alive.

"So much wear and tear on the conscience for a mere three thousand," said little Miss Pinnock, who had barely £2 a week to live on, in her tiny, high voice like piccolo notes.

"He'll be caught yet," Mr. Grimson, heavy jewelled and dogged, affirmed lugubriously.

Masters looked across the table at him with dislike. His eyes had as many wrinkles round them as a blood-hound's, and his face had much the same depressed, low-browed expression. He certainly would have been caught, thought Masters, had he had the bravado in the first place to commit a robbery, for the simple reason that by expecting failure he courted it towards him. Robbery, however, was quite the last means that would ever enter Mr. Grimson's square, methodical head to make money; exacting of others, he was punctilious himself, particularly about paying back even a three-ha'penny stamp—the type of man, in short, Masters thought disgustedly, whom relations always made their trustee.

Everyone in the establishment, except Mr. Grimson who was suspicious on principle of all charm which he looked upon as an invidious form of insincerity, liked the new young boarder; he was always unfailingly cheerful and obliging and kept "the table" bright. He was utterly different and a most agreeable change from the other two men boarders, from Mr. Sievwright who was so afraid of mispronouncing a word he hardly ever spoke, and from dogmatic Mr. Grimson who, although very reliable everyone was sure, was always rather like a thunder-plump at a picnic. Even Mrs. Verrall liked Mr. Boyd, and she judged people from the hyper-critical standard of whether or not they made "good" boarders. That was why, although Mr. Grimson was her oldest paying guest and paid her regularly as clock-work every Monday morning, Mrs. Verrall felt there was a lack in him, for he never could tell her whether or not he were coming in for a meal or, if he were, when. No one ever missed Mr. Grimson, but they all felt rather flat when the new boarder failed to appear and asked each other if they had seen nice Mr. Boyd. He became known as "our Mr. Boyd" when he had not been at The Laurels for more than three weeks.

They liked him so much that when he had to leave them, they, as a small token of their regard, raised a subscription and presented him with a leather note-book. He wondered what they would all feel if they could see into his mind as he stood

up, blinking his sticky-looking eye-lashes, and thanked them in a most felicitous speech. He spoke for some time so gracefully and gratefully that the pocket-book grew much handsomer in the eyes of each subscriber and a glow of satisfaction permeated everyone sitting at the table, except Mr. Grimson, who was fingering his knife while he watched the hazardous journey of his second cup of tea down the long chain of hands.

"So you're leaving us, Mr. Boyd," he boomed suddenly, and inwardly cursed Miss Erricks for slopping his tea into the saucer—an untidy woman, that.

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid I spend my life just passing through these days," Masters answered, and looked sorrowfully over at young Miss Smith who was suddenly covered with delightful confusion.

"What do you travel for?" Mr. Grimson demanded more than asked, in his usual bombastic manner.

"Soap."

"Ah! Should be a paying business—we all need soap."

"Yes, up to your eyes in bubbles and all that kind of thing. If you will excuse me, Mrs. Verrall, I will just go upstairs and finish my packing; yes, the taxi's coming at five thirty."

As he climbed the creaking stairs to his bed-room, he told himself he was glad to leave this hole with its shabby gentility, its oleographs of long dead Verralls hanging on the walls, and its fussy old women of inmates who were always so glad to see him. One met all the wrong people at boarding-houses, never anyone who could give one a leg up. He would be glad to see the last of all those cackling old women, with names like drugs, who looked as though they would split the atom with a hat-pin in a back bedroom and spin the world into space. . . . And that monotonous man, Grimson, who was approaching fifty and no farther on than when he was thirty, still in a boarding-house, going to cheap seats at a theatre, and travelling third-class. It baffled Masters how anyone could call so drab and uneventful an existence, life.

He had always hankered after the best, spent more than he had—he had never paid Brown back that last two pounds—and now he could enjoy the best of everything. He bent to shut his suit-case and his lips twitched as he thought of where he would be tomorrow—not travelling for soap but in one of London's latest luxury hotels. He would get some decent rich food at last—no more returning home to mince which was cold roast beef yesterday, which was hot roast beef the day before, and would be curry to-morrow. No one could make a joint go farther than Mrs. Verrall.

He bade good-bye to Mrs. Soutar and to diffident Miss Pinnock, who never passed in her plate for a second helping because it looked like a reflection on her first, and competitive Miss Clack who always managed to get the best chair in the drawing-room and, although a comparative newcomer, to sit in it as though it were her prerogative. He remembered to be coy with roguish Miss Erricks, and to hold fluttered Miss Smith's hand a little longer than he had held any of the others.

He waved to them from the grunting taxi-cab which felt whenever it was put into motion as though it would fall to pieces at any moment. Once he reached the station, paid the taxi-driver, and procured a porter, he made his way through the crowded vestibule to the booking-office and passed a ten-pound note to the clerk. The man pushed a first-class ticket to London and a flutter of notes across to him, and Masters stepped aside to count his change.

He was standing, pressing the notes against the ball of his left thumb while his right index-finger checked them off, when he felt he was being watched. He raised his head stealthily and was startled to see, looking at him with a curious fixity, Mr. Grimson, whom he had seen only a quarter of an hour ago standing on the door-step of The Laurels.

"What do you want?" Masters, unaccountably shaken, demanded fiercely.

"I am a detective," said Mr. Grimson, "and I want you to come with me to explain why a commercial traveller counts notes like an expert bank clerk."



AT HAWTHORN HILL: MISS ROSEMARY VILLIERS AND LADY ANNE WELLESLEY

Good going and good fields were the leading notes on the first day of Hawthorn Hill 'Chases, when this snapshot was taken of a part of the enthusiastic audience. Miss Rosemary Villiers is a kinswoman of the Earl of Clarendon, and Lady Anne Wellesley is a daughter of the Marquess of Douro and a grand-daughter of the Duke of Wellington

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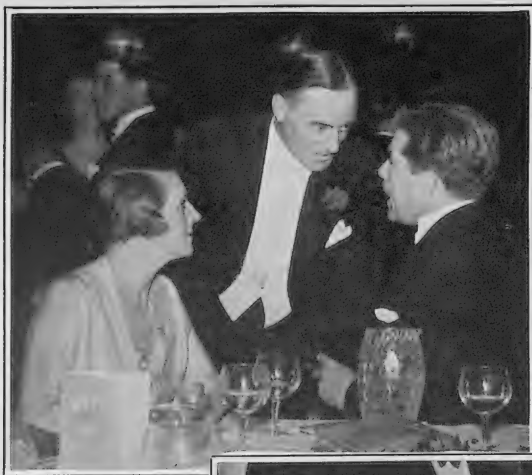
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THE DINNER TO SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL: LADY CAMPBELL, SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, AND MR. H. S. HORNE—

At the recent welcome-home dinner at Grosvenor House in honour of Sir Malcolm Campbell. At the previous R.A.C. and Motor Manufacturers' reception Sir Malcolm said that land speed records had become a battle of fractions of seconds—240 miles an hour meant a mile in 15 sec. "To knock one or two seconds off," he said, "it is essential to have perfect conditions. The car gave no trouble because it is British down to the last nut and bolt."



—AND COLONEL SEALY CLARKE, MRS. HUME MATHER (SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S SISTER), AND MR. A. W. HART

Photographs by Sasha

Road and Rail.

THE political war between the railway interests and those of the road, in which the preliminary shots have already been fired, looks like being a very lively and interesting little scrap with more than the probability of exercising a big influence upon automobilism in general in this country. Very right and proper it was that a fitting tribunal should be appointed to act as umpires, and to go thoroughly into every aspect of a matter that is undoubtedly of intense national importance. The only wonder is that the whole thing has been allowed to drift along until such an unsatisfactory state of affairs had been reached that something absolutely had to be done without delay. But we have developed the habit of doing things in that way, and in any case, what is very much everybody's business is nobody's business. It is like my cheek to offer the commissioners a word of advice, but I would strongly recommend that they take a view of the situation by flying over it for a day or two. To do so is to get a much more accurate idea of the relative volumes of rail and road traffic than could possibly be derived from whole libraries of statistics. Then, having glanced at matters from above, they should have a look at them on the level, by doing some lengthy trips, by night and by day, upon some of our busier main trunk roads. You might suppose that my sympathies would be with petrol rather than with steam. Actually they are not, even though I am not the owner of any railway securities. For it seems to me quite pathetically absurd that the finest railway system in the world should only just be able to pay its way, in spite of the fundamental fact that, other things being equal, rail transport ought to be much cheaper than that of the road. My own point of view is confessedly and utterly selfish. I believe that when I take out the registration for my car I pay a great deal too much for my share of highway maintenance, and I believe that operators of coaches and buses and lorries do not pay nearly enough, especially in view of the free services that they get

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

from the signalmen of the police and the motoring organizations. Also, the owners of heavies enjoy a remarkable degree of liberty (for they flout their speed-limit with impunity), whereas railway affairs are tied into knots with ancient red tape. And the simple fact is that it is becoming harder and harder to avoid the congestion that dividend-hunting vehicles produce wherever they go. The other day I had couple of hundred miles worth, out and home, on the Birmingham road, a route that I have not used for a year or two because it chanced to be out of my way, and Birmingham, with all its virtues, is a city for which I have no great love. Watling Street, or whatever may be its proper title, ought to be renamed Lorry Lane. The wiser generation of car-owners may well leave it alone, as is now my fixed intention, for it affords no joy. The heavies rumble and bump and batter along at the rate of about ten or a dozen to the mile, and they have smashed the surface, up so effectually that almost every few minutes you have to pull up for a one-way blockage caused by repairs. I don't say that all our main roads are as bad as this, though some of them are nearly so, but this example shows an unmistakable tendency, and I don't think it is good enough. There must be something wrong somewhere, for there are two competitive railway systems between London and Brummagem

—yet it is clearly the road that is doing the business. What the upkeep of this road is goodness only knows, but it must be something fabulous. One thing is abundantly plain from the condition of its surface, and that is that the pneumatic tyres which nearly all the heavies use are far from capable of eliminating damage. This just boils down to the question of pressure per square inch of tyre contact, and it rather looks as though this had already got to a figure that was just about as much as the road-constructing engineer can cope with. It is the old story of the shell and the armour-plate all over again, of course. Ultimately, I suppose, we shall have steel roads, for no other material will stand the stress, and then it will occur to some bright genius that steel rails might be even better. Who knows but what there may be a great future for the individual vehicle that can use the existing rails as well as the highway?

A Beautiful Thing.

Very often I wish I could afford to be the proud owner of a Rolls-Royce; but sometimes I am rather glad that I can't, for if I were always about in one I should establish a standard which would make me somewhat disappointed with all other cars. And like him who has perforce to be modest in his wines, I should have no rare vintage to look forward to as an occasional special treat. All the same I do hanker after a 20-25 h.p., for I will run the risk of declaring that in my opinion this is the best car in the world. There could only conceivably be one better—namely the 40-50 h.p.—but yet this latter does not go quite so straight to my heart as the smaller model, although it certainly does go somewhat quicker. About the 20-25 h.p., which like all of its breed gets steadily and miraculously better and better, there is a lightness and a lightness that I find absolutely enthralling. It is the most effortless car to drive that I know, it is a glorious thing to ride in as a passenger, and its performance is quite amazing. Because it is not usual to cruise at 60 m.p.h. behind what is, after all, a very moderately sized engine and yet

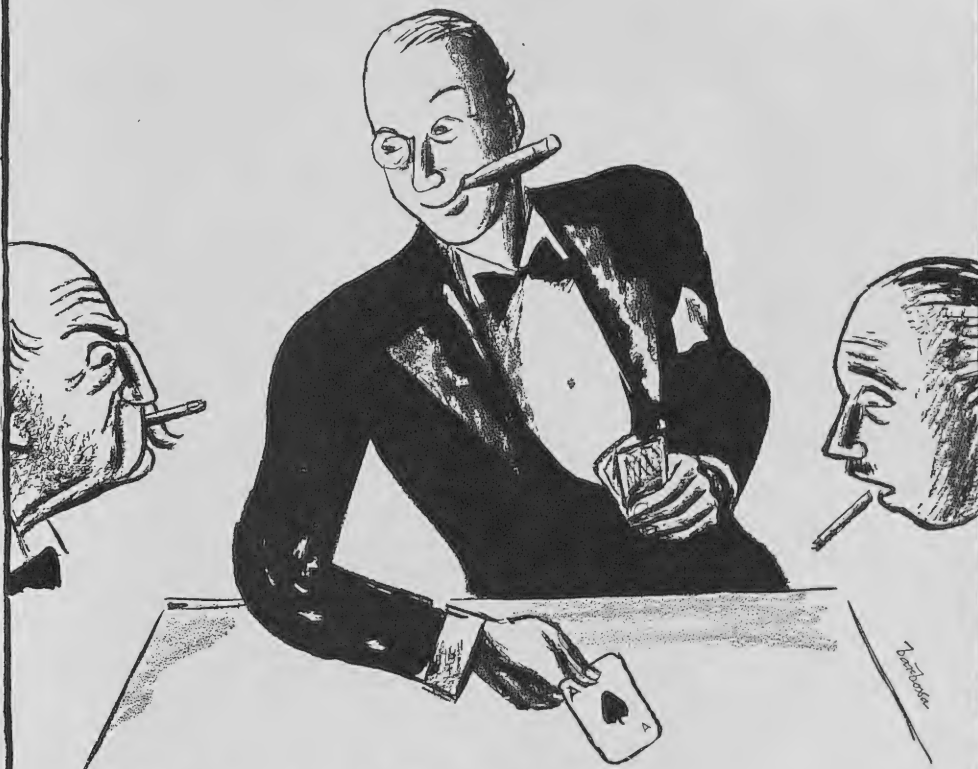
(Continued on p. xii)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

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I WISH there were some other way of describing the absence of a moving spirit than saying "Hamlet without the Prince." That was what the London Foursomes were like without Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, who was busy getting well over an operation instead of gently mothering competitors with a loose rein. (An Irish mixture of metaphors if you like, but what else is to be expected in the week of the Great Sweep.) That Hamlet simile is so hackneyed, but it certainly applied to the three days at Sandy Lodge. Otherwise they were delightful days; biting cold, it



Runners-up in the Ladies' London Foursomes at Sandy Lodge: Miss Jean Forsyth and Mrs. R. E. A. Bott, the Porters Park pair

is true, but sunny, with the course in the most perfect condition, like seaside in summer; with a most kindly welcoming club; with a due number of surprises to give spice to early rounds, and in the end the right couple winning.

There were moments when the Lady Golfers' Pair did *not* look the right couple, Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Rudgard though they were. In the first round they were shaky to a degree, only luckily for them their Foxgrove opponents were shakier still, being duly impressed with the solemnity of playing such leading lights, and so failing to take the chances they were offered. Taking chances from the mighty ones is always difficult. If only one could make up one's mind to a real smash and grab raid in the early stages, even the best may prove human. But the pity is that those who might smash and grab break down in just those very particulars where they are usually strongest; then the mighty ones see that they have only to keep going to win—and there you are. That was the story of Walton Heath against the Lady Golfers in the third round.

On the day before Mrs. Ernest Hill and Miss McClintock had put the chips dead, run the putts down, and achieved every imaginable brilliance, as if to show those who ought to have been representing the club what trusty reserves had stepped



To have and to hold: Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Gill Rudgard, who, for the second year in succession, won the Ladies' London Foursomes for the Lady Golfers' Club

Eve at GOLF

By
ELEANOR E. HELME



Miss Julia Hill and Mrs. Potter, playing for Burhill, put out the Sunningdale favourites in the first round at Sandy Lodge

into their shoes. When they came up against the Lady Golfers' two holes had not been played before Mrs. Hill had duffed a chip, missed a short putt; slips which she would not ordinarily commit in a month of Sundays. Miss McClintock had an equally criminal career, though by outdriving Miss Enid Wilson she showed herself a player of no mean power. That was fence number two safely cleared, and now there was no stopping the Lady Golfers.

On the opening day the main surprise was that Thorndon Park should find themselves amongst the defeated. Mrs. Percy Garon played beautifully for them, but Mrs. Garrett was astray round the hole, and so Chislehurst, taking their chance most nobly, managed to beat them by 3 and 2. But then those winners, Mrs. Major and Miss Doxford, have partnered each other often enough in Kent Foursomes (they won them the first year) to know all the best and all the worst of

each other's golf. Burhill had just such another pair in Mrs. Potter and Miss Julia Hill, and there again faith, though by no means of the blind variety, in each other, brought them through, their win from Mrs. R. O. Porter and Mrs. Ray Atherton being one of the surprises of that first chilly afternoon.

West Byfleet had a useful couple in Mrs. Peal (Miss M. Thomas) and Mrs. T. S. Baker, who is an exponent and disciple of the Dr. Forrest school of thought (and action) in the swing. And Camberley Heath's two ex-champions, Miss Gourlay and Miss Chambers, seemed to be playing the sort of peacefully good golf which takes a couple far. As for Addington, Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Garnham set upon poor Beaconsfield and quietly murdered them with even greater neatness and despatch than Walton Heath has shown in putting Sonning out of their misery.

On the second day the chief incidents were wonderful putting by Tyrells Wood, which made Miss Smith and Mrs. Taylor take Camberley quite a long way and by South Herts against Sandy Lodge (and their hot water bottle). Then there were those two consecutive 2's by Porters Park, Miss Jean Forsyth putting Mrs. Bott close enough to the 7th for one putt to finish the hole and Mrs. Bott returning the compliment at the 8th. It was small discredit to Chislehurst to lose only by 3 and 1 to such golf. The best tussle of the whole meeting was Camberley Heath's last green win from Addington.

Camberley did not play so well in their semi-final against the Lady Golfers'. Good golf, yes, Miss Chambers swinging the club slowly and smoothly and Miss Gourlay very truly, in spite of that wretched stiff neck which she still carries as memento of a hunting smash before Christmas, but not quite highly spiced enough to defeat Miss Wilson and Miss Rudgard—now that those two were set. Porters Park and Sandy Lodge had a battle royal in the other semi-final, and if Mrs. Bennett bore the brunt of the fighting for Sandy Lodge, Miss Dix Perkin did her share, and the way they hung on and got back the lead from 3 to 1 was splendid to see. But though they had a 2 at the 15th and a 4 at the 16th, that was only good enough for halves, and so Porters Park went on into the final.

Miss Forsyth had delighted the gallery all the week, because she walks straight up to the ball and hits it both far and straight with an entire absence of fuss and a very true and attractive swing; Mrs. Bott is all that a foursome partner should be. They were a little over-awed, maybe, by their final opponents' names and golf and so, though Miss Forsyth managed to get past quite a number of Miss Wilson's tee shots, the result was inevitable, 2 and 1 to the Lady Golfers'. Miss Rudgard was a rock of steadiness all through and her chips were invaluable. If Miss Wilson did not show herself the inspired player that she was at Portmarnock last year, that is all the better. Nobody can keep at concert-pitch all the season through and the critical times come in May. Till then Great Britain can be content to let her champion gang her ain gait, even if they do sometimes wish that the gait did not include turning her back while opponents putt. Great Britain would like to feel she took rather more interest in the proceedings than that.



Jane Regny Peter Russell & Helen Chandler

CHOOSE

VIYELLA

Regd.

All the best couturiers have definitely gone wool-gathering this season. Squared shoulders, self-conscious collars, and bumptious sleeves—all realise the importance of being woollen. Of course, 'Viyella.' Britain's cheeriest new patterns—checks and overchecks and cunning plaids. Britain's happiest new shades—parrot green, gold standard, and all the blues of yesteryear, to-morrow and to-day. Chic, handy, washable. 'Viyella,' 31 ins. wide, 4/11 a yard.



Peter Russell designed his suit in check 'Viyella,' introducing the smart scarf in plain tone. The dainty tucked blouse repeats the colour alliance.

Helen Chandler combines patterned green and white 'Viyella' with plain green. A godet gives fulness to the front, seams on the hips emphasise the slant of waist.

The subtle shade range of 'Viyella' has inspired Jane Regny to create this model, which subscribes to the present Parisian vogue for colour contrasts.



The HIGHWAY of FASHION

By

M. E. BROOKER

NOW that there is a cessation in the dress parades women are choosing their Spring outfits. Princess Nicholas Galitzene always looks with favour on studies in black and white. Recently her choice alighted on an ensemble with a black skirt strewn with white spots, the order of things being reversed on the corsage; the skirt is arranged with double-box pleats, while the smart coatee has cape sleeves, the leather belt being trimmed with studs, a clip taking the place of a buckle. Some of the new Eton jackets have double epaulette sleeves, and are edged with fur.

AMONG those who like black is Lady Gillies, she was recently seen in an afternoon frock of black marocain, the corsage and sleeves trimmed with diagonal tucks, the neck cut square with three folds of white piqué on the left and two flowers of this fabric on the right; Lady Gillat's black marocain frock has puff sleeves, the neckline faced with satin and caught with a diamond brooch on the right side. Lady Lavery likes orchids, especially those in which purple shades are present, and often wears a spray on her fur-trimmed coats.

LADY Godfrey-Faussett has a penchant for evening dresses of the picture genre, her latest acquisition is expressed in parchment-tinted net, it is embroidered with beads showing the new twin moon design, the scheme being completed with a tomato-red coatee embroidered in the same manner. A flared skirt is introduced in Lady Rathcreeden's black satin evening dress, there are sunray straps at the back embroidered with crystal and silver. Necklaces have their rôles to play, there is a decided vogue for those made of platinum or chromium-plated links or curbs; they lie quite flat.

SOMETHING in the nature of a revolution has taken place in H. J. Nicoll's, 120, Regent Street, salon; however they remain faithful to the perfectly cut tailored suit for 9½ guineas, as well as for smart and practical wrap coats at pleasantly moderate prices. Furthermore there is everything the most enthusiastic sportswoman can possibly desire. As every blouse needs a skirt this firm is making a feature of tailored ones for 63s., they have a slimming effect.



Blouses are important; the cross-over affair above comes from H. J. Nicoll; it is double-breasted and is decorated with buttons. It is available in several colour schemes



This lace blouse that suggests Irish crochet, and may be seen at H. J. Nicoll's, is companioned by corduroy jenkins and coats



*Fashions of to-day
and to-morrow . . . as*

**MARGARET
BARRY**

sees them . . .

*Margaret
Barry*
Ltd.

THE chic tailor-made . . . tweeds of brilliant hue . . . the dainty blouse returns after an exile of many years. The ultra smart Beret—the more diminutive the more chic, depending so much on the coiffure—the parting on the left, the tiny forehead curls . . . the little rouleau on the neck . . . and the indispensable top coat.

Hats: 18, BROOK STREET, W.1 Sports Clothes: 64, NEW BOND STREET, W.1 Blouses: 42, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1



Beauty is International

By M.E. Brooke

Art, Beauty, and Nature are International was Elizabeth Arden's message to the envoys from Sweden, Holland, and Italy who recently visited her salons in London.

They had been commissioned to buy her British beauty preparations prior to distributing them to the clients of Nordiska Kompaniet, Stockholm, Hirsch et Cie, Amsterdam, and Profumeria Materozzoli, Rome. It was impossible for every country to send an envoy, so the others sent character dolls to represent them. In the Middle Ages, when battles were raging, dolls dressed in the latest modes were not regarded as contraband of war as the copying of their garments gave employment to many women

DESIGN BY BLAKE



Model F.I.1230
Finest quality Alpaca
jumper in nine becoming
colours.

THE Scottish heather is world-renowned for its exquisite beauty.

After a brief blaze in late summer, however, it must endure the buffeting of the wintry gale and the crushing weight of heavy snow-drifts.

Yet, each spring it triumphantly emerges, to clothe again the moors in royal purple. The secret of its endurance lies in the sturdy pliant stem, which yields to storm and stress—to spring back, unbroken, to its natural shape.

"Braemar" Knitwear, like the heather, in addition to perfect colouring, possesses those latent qualities of hard wear and resilience, which bring it unscathed through the most exacting test.

The best shops are showing "Braemar."

And the prices are really modest.

THE FINEST SCOTLAND
PRODUCE

• NOTE.

A charming portfolio of eight "Braemar" models in natural colours can be seen at the best shops. If you have any difficulty, write to the makers for address of nearest retailer.

Braemar

INNES, HENDERSON & Co. LTD
HAWICK, SCOTLAND.

• Manufacturers of "Hendawick"
and "Kumfy" Underwear. •

*"My dear, we
love your frock
—but what
have you
done to
your figure
—it's simply
marvellous!"*



FITU L.H. 3050

One-piece Figureform specially designed to impart slimming lines to full figures with large hips. "Uplift" underbelt with elastic insets uplifts and controls abdomen. Full lacing at back. Four suspenders. In pink broché, with bust sections of rayon milanese. Fittings (WAIST) 26-36. Post free **37/6**

S.F. 3050 As L.H. 3050 but for short full figures. Post free **37/6**

L.H. 1811 As above, but in pink coutil, with bust section of cotton tricot. Fittings (WAIST) 26-38. Post 6d. extra **18/11**



"Well, that's a secret

too good to keep to myself—

"You know, with my full figure and big hips, I was in despair about these new close-fitting frocks. I told my dressmaker I'd have to go on a diet before I was fitted again. Corsets seemed to be hopeless . . .

"But corsets . . . Madame," she said, leaving me to guess what she thought of them. "Madame should be fitted with one of the new Figureforms."

"Figureforms? I queried . . .

"Yes, Madame, the new Fitu Figureforms which are made expressly to give the correct *svelte* silhouette so essential for this year's fashions."

"So I took her advice, and this is the result! Briefly, the secret of my figure is my new Fitu Figureform No. 3050.

"And it is so comfortable I hardly know I have it on," said Mrs. C—.

Fitu

Figureforms

"THE NEW SECRET OF FIGURE BEAUTY"

Whatever your figure problem, there is a Fitu Figureform that will solve it for you. At Derry & Toms (First Floor, the New Store) you will find a full range of the new Fitu Figureforms for every type of figure. You will find also a staff specially trained in the expert fitting of these new foundation garments, and a suite of private fitting rooms at your service. If unable to call, please telephone Western 8181 or order by post, giving your correct bust, waist, and hip measurements. Fitu Figureforms are made in Britain and fully guaranteed by the makers.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON HIGH ST. LONDON W.8



This frock and cape have been designed and carried out by Molyneux, whose London salons are 60, Grosvenor Street. The dress is a study in green and white crêpe romaine, and the cape is of black velvet trimmed with ermine



A Smart Tennis Coat

UNLINED all White Coat
in a soft warm material,
designed on sporting lines.

Sizes: S.W., W., O.S.

Price

59/6

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& NAVY**
CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD
WESTMINSTER,
LONDON S.W.1

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by
EmmÉ

*'Joans of
Moment*

Two beautiful models from EMME'S new Selection which express the charm and gaiety of Spring.

"JENNIFER," Printed Crêpe Afternoon Gown. Various designs and the newest colourings.

73/6
STOCK SIZE.
"BERNICE."

Fine Wool Cloth Day Gown, embroidered white spots—smartly cut—in red, lido, green, beige, brown and black.

73/6
STOCK SIZE.

We shall be pleased to send any Model illustrated on approval on receipt of remittance, which will be refunded if not absolutely satisfied

PICTURES BY Blake

84-86-88, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1

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1793-1932

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Rowland's Macassar Oil keeps the hair in perfect condition and imparts to it a lovely glossiness.

Of Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- & 10/6 Red for dark hair. Golden for fair or grey hair

A. ROWLAND & SONS LTD.,
22, Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend. Prices from

4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY
32, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The show season proper starts in April, with the show of the Kensington Canine Association on April 14 at the Crystal Palace. This is followed by the show of the Cairn Terrier Association on April 22 at Bloomsbury on April 27. Also the Cairn Terrier Association is having a show at Bloomsbury on April 22: Baroness Burton judges at this show.

Lady Faudel-Phillips, as we all know, has been the hon. treasurer of the association for some years. It is no sinecure being a treasurer in these difficult days, and we are all grateful to Lady Faudel-Phillips for undertaking it. It is mainly owing to her wise administration that the association is in its present sound financial position, and no one need have any anxiety on that subject as long as she remains treasurer. She is also one of the greatest living authorities on the chow, and seems to have the secret of turning out champions. As one passes on it is succeeded by another. The dog with Lady Faudel-Phillips in the picture is one of the latest champions, Peng Tse of Amwell.



LADY FAUDEL-PHILLIPS AND
CH. PENG TSE OF AMWELL

Though under three years old, he has won over sixty first prizes, and at Cruft's, in addition to winning in his own classes, he won first in the open variety—non-sporting. He was bred by Lady Faudel-Phillips. She has two good young bitches, six months old, for sale: also some younger stock. It is unnecessary to say they are all as well bred as possible.

The Dandie is always attractive, with his lovely expression and beautiful eyes, also his sturdy delightful character. Mrs. Gordon sends a charming picture of her three champion ladies—I might say old ladies, as their ages are from seven to eleven, though they don't look it. Mrs. Gordon is the secretary of the Southern Dandie Dinmont Terrier



THREE HOWCAPLE CHAMPIONS

The property of Mrs. Gordon

very affectionate and accustomed to children, inoculated against distemper, and an exceptionally good house-guard. He is also very sound and a good shape and will be fit to show—born in August. To be sold to a good home to make room for another litter." A really good guard, when he is also well behaved and good tempered, is most valuable in these days of burglars. Very few people would care to enter premises if a great dane was barring the way.

Mrs. O'Brien wishes to recommend a very good kennelman who was with her for five years. He is well-up in all kennel duties, absolutely sober and honest, and Mrs. O'Brien will personally recommend him.

Miss Little writes she has an orange pom lady six months old, very nice, for sale. Miss Little's poms are well known to us all. As she has not got a large kennel each individual can be brought out, which makes such a difference.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



COCKER PUPS

The property of Miss Cousens



THESE light-weight Morocco Leather Dressing Cases, size 18½ x 14 x 6 ins., are made at Mappin & Webb's London Manufactory.

The beautiful Enamel and Sterling Silver-gilt Brushes, Hand Mirror, etc., are conveniently fitted in the front of Case; a large compartment, free of Fittings, is available for Clothing.

The Enamel Dressing Table Service is obtainable in the leading colours.

**SPECIAL
VALUE
£ 30**

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A Catalogue of Fitted Dressing Cases will be sent by return. Prices range from 10 gns. to 300 gns.

... a J.B. foundation fits
and moulds the lines
with all the closeness of
a Tailored Garment.



Even after you have
admired the exquisite
materials in the new
J.B. models, they will
wring a compliment
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beautiful fitting. Such
snug roundness finds
its way into their lines
... such natural curv-
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that you wonder why
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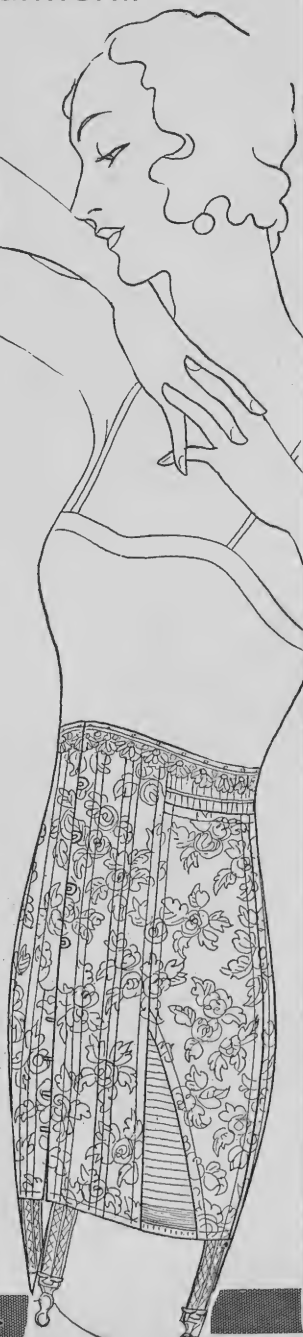
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beauty of finish—a laced
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Floral Broche, giving the
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Sizes 24 to 36 inches.

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JUMPER with
CARDIGAN to
match, in alpaca.
Black/white, pink/
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JUMPER in fancy wool,
copy of a French model,
in two shades, viz.,
Blue/white, red/white,
orange/white, emerald/
white or any colours to
order.

Size 36 21/-

JAY'S
Established nearly a century. Ltd
REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 500

My impression is that *Eurydice* was much smaller than *Cutty Sark*, who is 921 tons, 212.5 ft. long, with 36 ft. beam, and 21 ft. depth of hold. Of other clippers of about *Cutty Sark's* period the famous *Ariel*, launched 1865, was 1,058 tons, 195 ft. long (a bit shorter than *Cutty Sark*), 33.9 ft. beam, and 21 ft. depth of hold; her rival, *Tacping*, in the famous race from Foochow, was 767 tons, 183 ft. 7 in. long, 31 ft. 1 in. beam, and depth of hold 19 ft. 9 in. *Fiery Cross* and *Serica*, of other competitors in the great tea race, were of very much the same type, beautiful things whose lines would delight even a landsman. These ships, of which *Cutty Sark* and *Torrens* (later) were the fastest any day in a good sailing wind, were capable of their 14 knots over the ground under Royal Stun sails. *Cutty Sark* is known to have done 17½. In light airs she would ghost along at 4 to 5 knots when her rivals hardly moved at all. What a great sight it will be if ever we have the chance to see her doing this again and, from all accounts, there is no reason why she should not, for it is said she is as sound as the day she was launched.

"Games and Sports in the Army," which is published by the Army Sport Control Board at the War Office, is the first of what is to be an annual publication and, I feel sure, is the kind of record in which every soldier will take a great interest. The book deals with games and athletics of all sorts and in the former is included Army polo. In this connection—polo—the Queen's Bays, and not the 17th/21st Lancers, won the Inter-Regimental in 1931, as the "Death or Glory Boys" had by then gone foreign to Egypt



WITH THE VINE: COLONEL L. T. GOFF, MR. MAURICE HASTINGS, M.F.H., AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

A group taken when these hounds met at Tadley Place recently. Mr. Hastings hunts hounds, and his Joint Master is Mr. C. F. Garrard. Most of the Vine country is in Hants, with a small slice in Berks

after a devastating series of victories at Hurlingham following on their pre-war victories in India. But in addition to these and other records, this book contains the rules of the various games in which soldiers indulge and also a most useful calendar of sporting fixtures for 1932.

The secretary of the Army Sport Control Board is Major B. C. Hartley, O.B.E. (Ret.), and I suspect that his is the able hand behind this compilation which, with the exception of the little slip to which I have drawn attention, seems to me to be most complete. General Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, President of the Board; has written an all too-short foreword. General Sir Charles Harington, G.O.C., Aldershot, has written the preface, and it is a peculiarly happy effort and strikes exactly the note which Thomas Atkins—to say nothing of those who command him—will have appreciated immensely. A bit of sport like, no matter what form it takes, does ease the hurts of life better than anything of which I can think, and whether it is soccer, rugby, punching someone's head, polo, 'chasing, or fox-hunting, it is a grand antidote for the less pleasant things which come our way. Sir Charles Harington says in his preface:—

"How many times did one see a battalion which had come out of the line in the Ypres Salient and elsewhere, battered to pieces and sad at heart at having lost so many officers and men, hold up its head again and recover in a few hours by kicking a football or punching with the glove? It had a magic effect on 'moral,' and was largely instrumental in suggesting to some of us who had always been enthusiasts for games for the men, that a time had come when games and sports in the Army should be efficiently organized and more grounds provided."

Most excellent words!

This is great fun—

"Jack, I'm amazed! You didn't tell me it was anything like this!"

"My dear Joyce, I didn't know myself until Alec told me about it at the Club the other night; he was full of it."

"Well, I can honestly say I haven't enjoyed anything so much for a long time. I love the racing—it's thrilling—and everything's so nice, including the crowd."

"Come again next week?"

"Rather! I'd like to make it a habit!"





Miss Gracie Fields

NOW PLAYING IN "WALK
THIS WAY" AT THE WINTER
GARDEN THEATRE - LONDON

writes:

"THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS of glowing health are sufficient to make anyone grateful for the way Phosferine 'backs up' the nervous system. All the year I work regularly at high pressure, for instance it may be three times a day (in 'Walk this Way' at the Winter Garden Theatre). Naturally one must be in perfect health for so many public performances, and that is why I am an enthusiast so far as Phosferine is concerned, for I know of no better way to rest the nerves and get that sound sleep so necessary for good work. After taking Phosferine one wakes up feeling fresh and clear-eyed, and ready to 'beat one's best' all over again. I have noticed that nerve-strained people are usually too irritated to work well, and it is then that Phosferine proves so invaluable—the nerves seem stronger and quietened at once."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
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Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
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From Chemists. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.



DRINK BRITISH LAGER—that means Barclay's

Nearly every country brews its own Lager—not only Germany, Holland, France, Italy, and other European lands, but Canada, Australia, South America, Japan.

For ten years Great Britain has been producing as fine a Lager as you will get anywhere. At Barclay Perkins' great brewery at Southwark is installed the most up-to-date Lager plant in the world. Here

Barclay's Lager is brewed from the choicest barley and hops. Every drop of it is stored at freezing-point for at least four months before it is released for sale. Its keeping properties are remarkable.

You need no urging to 'buy British' nowadays. Obviously there is no call to pay out money to foreign brewers when we brew such Lager at home.

BARCLAY'S LAGER



Next Month.

On April 2, Surgeon Lieutenant Douglas A. Newbery, R.N. and Miss Janet James are being married at the Parish Church, Lane End, High Wycombe; Captain Gordon Wade, Royal Fusiliers, and Miss Katherine Watson are to be married at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on the 6th; on the 26th, Mr. R. C. T. Speir, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, marries Miss Elizabeth Findlay, and the wedding will be at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh; the 21st is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Derry Macnutt and Miss Patricia Willett, which is to be at St. John's Church, Hove; on the 12th, Captain W. P. Oliver and Miss Mary Halford are being married at the Parish Church, Guernsey; and on the 28th, Mr. Guy Riseley marries Miss Nell McFadden, and the wedding will be a quiet one in Chelsea.

In the Summer.

Mr. Felix Barnaby Paget, the youngest son of the late Rev. Cecil G. Paget and Mrs. Paget of 70, Woodstock Road, Oxford, is marrying Miss Marjorie Seaver-Smith, the eldest daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Charles Seaver-Smith, R.A., M.C. (retired), and the late Mrs. Seaver-Smith of Fallowfield.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Philip Alexander Sellars, Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, Hankow, China, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ogilvie Sellars of 6, Colindale Road, Putney, S.W., and Miss Elisabeth Frances (Betty) Hewlett, the only daughter of Sir Meyrick Hewlett, K.C.M.G. and Lady Hewlett, British Consulate, Hankow, China; Mr. Edgar Milne-Redhead, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Milne-Redhead of Rokeby, Cheltenham, and Miss Margaret Olive Shaw, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Shaw of The Hayes, Woodbridge; Mr. Bernard Leopold Paget, the



Hay Wrightson
MISS VIOLET SANDLES

The adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Sanderson, who is to marry Mr. Austen Robert Montagu, the fourth son of Mr. Robert Acheson Cromie Montagu, J.P., of Cromore, Portstewart, North Ireland

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

eldest surviving son of the late Rev. Cecil G. Paget and Mrs. Paget of Oxford, and Miss Violet Gwendoline Robertson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Robertson of 42, Palace Road, Llandaff; Mr. William Sidney Leuchars, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Leuchars of Cossins, Cobham, Surrey, and Miss Margaret Anne de Quincey



MISS RUTH CREIGHTON

Whose engagement to Sir Thomas Boverton Redwood, Bart., was announced last month. She is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Creighton, Cherrycroft Cottage, Compton, near Winchester, and her fiancé is the only son of the late Mr. Bernard Redwood and of Mrs. Esmond Robinson of Webb's Land, Wickham, Hampshire

Quincey, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Bertram de Quincey Quincey and Mrs. de Quincey Quincey of Montrose, Worplesdon Hill, Woking, Surrey; Flight-Lieutenant John St. Clair Arbuthnot, R.A.F., the son of the late Mr. D. S. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Arbuthnot of St. Phillip's, Wimbledon, and Miss Clare Fairlie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fairlie, of Beldorny, Nairn; Dr. Raymond E. Barrett, Uganda Medical Service, the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Barrett of Edgware, Middlesex, and Miss Alison Meadows, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Meadows of Wallasey, Cheshire; Mr. John Barker, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barker of Old Dalby, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, and Miss Elizabeth Mason, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Henry J. Mason and Mrs. Mason of Bramfield House, Halesworth, Suffolk; Mr. Basil Wykeham Carr, Royal Artillery, and Miss Amabel Holroyd Tayler, daughter of Mr. H. Holroyd Tayler, Indian Police, and Mrs. Holroyd Tayler of Lindfield, Sussex.

Marrying Abroad

On April 4th, Mr. Henry St. Bernard Philpott and Miss Betsy Cutler are being married at the Roman Catholic Church, Colombo.

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OR
HIGH BAKED



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WATER BISCUITS

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The only water
biscuit with
the *true* nutty
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Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream.

Loose, in ½ lb. packets, or 1/3, 2/- and 2/5 tins.

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Stop it right away
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Formamint.

Wulfing Brand Formamint de-
stroys the germs in mouth and
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Throat and preventing infec-
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or Flowers which can be
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BY LEONARD SUTTON.

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A reprint (with additions) of the paper
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Royal Horticultural Society in 1931.

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is a matter of common knowledge. He
is a wise collector who takes the
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exhausted, copies of the limited editions
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GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER
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other famous sporting artists of the
present day.

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the Average Type.
Bust sizes 33-39.

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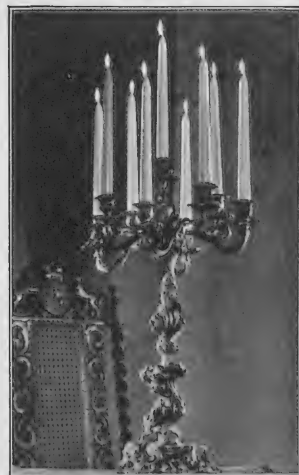
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Candlelight, and the candles themselves
are lovely, both in shape and colour,
adding charm to any decorative scheme.

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IN 36 ART COLOURS

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in the Reign of Charles the First.

Aldwych

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 508

never gives the smallest hint that it is doing serious work. This car is a wonderful, nay, I must rather say, a unique proof that *suaviter in modo* can be combined with *fortiter in re*. Let it be remarked that there is never any doubt about the "Re." Something happens with distinct rapidity when the foot goes down either on the throttle or the brake pedal, but whether it be lusty acceleration or resolute braking its concomitant is always a marvellous sweetness. It is almost as though the Rolls knew exactly what you wanted it to do and did it of its own accord, and thus you can drive it fast, for long distances, and with any amount of stop-and-start-again work, without feeling the least fatigue. My only regret was that I gave it such a foul road to travel, but if this did nothing else it showed that in its suspension the 20-25-h.p. Rolls is the last expression of effectiveness.

For Safety.

Most of us are not unnaturally more interested in the commodities which are designed for our convenience than in the way in which they are made and, generally speaking, I am, too, and find the average factory a pretty boring proposition. But that into which glass and celluloid enter as the raw material and from which Triplex glass emerges as the finished product was different and most fascinating. I liked it for its strangely pungent smells of solvent, its legions of white-garbed girls (it must be hard for the mere impressionable man to keep his mind on his job in such a place), and for its atmosphere of smooth-working efficiency. It is good, too, to see glass handled as though it were dough. Evidently familiarity does not necessarily breed contempt. And I do not think I have ever seen a quantity production plant in which so much care was taken with every bit of stuff turned out, for your wind-screen or your window goes through almost countless processes of inspection before it is installed in your car.

**FAMOUS STARS AT ELSTREE**

This photograph shows Miss Rosita Moreno, the Spanish screen star, chatting with Mr. Warwick Ward, at Elstree, during the making of the British Paramount production, "Stamboul." This has already been seen by a few people, and shortly will be generally distributed. The car, of course, is a Vauxhall Cadet

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The announcement by Riley (Coventry), Ltd., that four special cars are being made to compete in the leading races of 1932 will be welcomed by all British motorists. The drivers are to be Messrs. Kaye Don, George Eyston, and E. A. D. Eldridge, and the cars will make their first appearance in the 1,000 miles race to be held at Brooklands on June 3 and 4. Unlike the racing Rileys of past years, the new cars will have six-cylinder engines and will compete in the 1,500 c.c. class.

The latest company to follow the modern trend of suppression of second class accommodation is the French Line (Cie Gle. Transatlantique Ltd.). This steamship company announces that the whole of the second class accommodation of the three express luxury liners, *Ile de France*, *Paris*, and *France*, of their Plymouth-New York Service, will from March 15 be known and sold as "Tourist Class" at tourist rates. The railway companies were the first to eliminate their second class compartments which, even in pre-War days, had ceased to be popular with the travelling public, and now the shipping companies have fallen into line, at any rate as far as their services on the Atlantic Ferry are concerned. Few travellers will regret the disappearance of the name "second class" on the giant Atlantic liners. This name had very definite Victorian associations, a suggestion of the prim, stuffiness that we have come to associate with that period. Tourist class, on the other hand, is essentially the class for the educated man and woman who have to adjust an ever-growing wanderlust to a limited income. To the university student on vacation, to the school-master or mistress who wants to learn something of American life, to the eager young architect and musician thirsting for inspiration from the New World, or to the enterprising business man, tourist travel is essentially common-sense travel. For we may now enjoy all the comforts of a palatial hotel at a price which is really ridiculously low.

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY



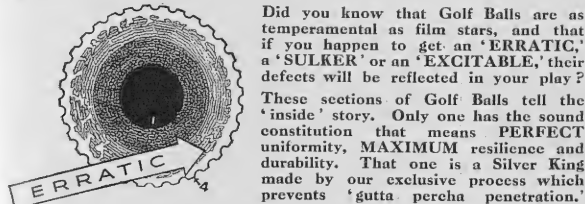
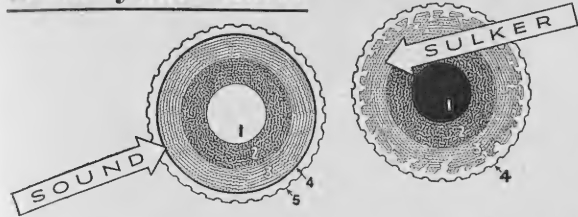
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125, 127, 129,

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Gear-changing? Nothing simpler!



"What do you think Daddy had the cheek to tell me?" inquired Sheila. "He said he got a Vauxhall Cadet this time so that I shouldn't make a row with the gears. I, mind you! When he himself used to make an awful clatter on the old car!"

"Too bad," responded Peter—always the dutiful fiancé. "Still," he added thoughtfully, "whether he was studying you or himself, he's picked a winner. I suppose you

know this car's got Synchro-Mesh?"

"I didn't—but I'll tell you what I do know. I know that you don't have to double-declutch when you want to change down—you just move the lever, and there you are in a second, without making a sound."

"Exactly," chuckled Peter. "That's what Synchro-Mesh does for you—besides giving you a quieter second gear than you've ever known before."



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No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you need never make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet. Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

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Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Flying Psychology.

Flight-Lieutenant Reeve of the De Havilland School of Flying at Hatfield, has introduced experimentally a system of training designed to eliminate some of the fears and uncertainties felt by those undergoing dual instruction. He has been teaching one or two pupils to fly in enclosed cabinet machines.

The theory is that the paraphernalia of flying in an open aircraft, the leather coats, helmets, goggles and speaking tubes are inclined to induce nervousness; whereas the pupil who steps into the cabin of an aeroplane like a Puss Moth, wearing his ordinary clothes, and who, during flight, can speak to his instructor direct is given confidence.

At Hatfield, Prince Lennart and Sir A. Beit went through their early instruction in this way, and the results were extremely promising. Cabin instruction is but one of many ideas that have originated at this school. There is also the circle on the aerodrome which is so constructed that it indicates the direction of circuit. It is composed of three arrows which curve round in the left-hand sense. The only thing I have heard against it is that someone, trying to follow the arrows too literally, might get into a spin!

The instructors at Hatfield are as experienced a body as could be found in flying. They are all Flying Corps men. Flight-Lieutenant Reeve has been with the school since 1925—the Stag Lane days; Mr. Pike was also well known at Stag Lane. Mr. Cox was a Camel pilot, and was afterwards on test work, while Mr. Fulford comes from the C.F.S. and No. 5 F.T.S. of the Air Force. Mr. Rivers Oldmeadow was formerly with the Henderson School of Flying, and was one of the founders of the Brooklands School.

A feature of Hatfield, which I think can be called unique, is the series of dances held there during the week-ends. The run out from London is just the right distance—eighteen miles—and the new aerodrome buildings and their decorations are particularly inviting, so that the Hatfield dances are rapidly becoming fashionable, and seem likely to start a craze for this kind of thing during the summer.



MR. RIVERS OLDMEADOW
AT HATFIELD

Mr. Rivers Oldmeadow is believed to be the only one-legged pilot to qualify since the War. This 'snap was taken at the Hatfield Aerodrome, which is eighteen miles north of London on the Great North Road

Cambridge University Air Squadron.

Sir John Salmon, Sir John Higgins, Professor Inglis, and something like two hundred guests made the dinner given by the Cambridge University Air Squadron one of the largest and most brilliant (I find the word will not be denied) occasions of the year. Wing-Commander F. P. Don presided, and Wing-Commander Vernon Brown, who preceded him as Chief Instructor—the name by which the Commanding Officer of the University Squadron goes—made the most controlled speech of the evening. He said little, but every word and group of words produced the desired effect.

Many of the other speakers were remarkably good. Sir John Salmon sounded a warning about low aerobatics, saying that they were the cause of too many fatal accidents. Professor Inglis discoursed upon the noise of air-craft, saying that air-craft are now so common that we should not notice them at all if it were not for the noise they make, and recommending that research should be directed to the elimination of noise.

Wing-Commander Hill flew distinctly high at times but incidentally perpetrated the perfect three-dimensional spoonerism: "You fly by feel; I fly by rules; our Avro stalls between two fools." Mr. Ryrrie told of the advantages which the Squadron offered from his personal experience of them.

54 m.p.g.

A new addition to the De Havilland range of aircraft is always a matter of interest to those engaged in civil flying. The Fox Moth or D.H. 83 carries three passengers in its enclosed cabin, the pilot being behind and above. A certain amount of luggage can be taken by each passenger and, on a mileage basis, the machine gives the most astonishing fuel economy. About 54 m.p.g. per passenger is the figure or, if the pilot is included, about 70 m.p.g. per occupant. The cruising speed is between 90 and 95 miles an hour and the top speed a little over 110 m.p.h. Wheel brakes are provided and the wings fold. I believe the machine is built up largely of parts of the Tiger, Puss, and ordinary standard Moths and, among taxi aircraft, it is certainly the most remarkable production that has appeared.

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Excellent Trout Fishing free on well-known Lochs.
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climate. Rent very moderate; would suit family
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only avoid the conventional and stereotyped,
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THIS IS GOOD



THE MAGIC OF MONTESPAN

By F. Britten Austin

IT was the year 1667. She was twenty-six years of age. In the darkness rarely irradiated by a dim lantern slung between the overhanging houses, muffled in a cloak and masked, she hurried through the unsavoury narrow alleys of the St. Severin quarter, on the left bank of the Seine. Descoillets, her maid and confidante, similarly disguised, conducted her. They turned at last into the Rue de la Tannerie. Descoillets peered about her, recognised the house. "It is here, madame!" The maid knocked three times at a door. It opened instantly. They were expected.

They entered a gloom lit by a flickering taper in the hand of the short, stout woman who had admitted them. She mastered a spasm of uncanny apprehension, with an effort of proud will. There was nothing of which she was afraid. She would ally herself with Satan and all his fiends, if it were necessary. Nothing should stand between her and that most daring ambition which, cost what it would, she would achieve.

"Is everything prepared?" she asked, haughtily. The short, stout woman answered with plebeian deference:

"All is ready, madame. If madame will deign to follow me . . ."

"My idea of heaven," said one of our Cape Horn skim-shankers, as he bared his mossy chest to the blasts (iced) off the Horn on the foc's'le head—"my idea of heaven is nothing to do and all day and especially all night to do it in. Port Pirie is heaven to some—but give me one of the South American ports—plenty of wine, plenty of women, and plenty of fun . . . and," he added as he "spat to windward," "above all, no going aloft to furl a royal or a fore-topsail." And, as further afterthought: "May God damn all Cape Horners!"

"We must go up," said one of our boys to me on the ship I here call the *Mona Lisa*, because she always kept us guessing.

The mate's three whistles have gone. The boys are fast asleep between two spells of brace-hauling in the deckhouse which has replaced the old-time forecastle. They are dreaming of home and mother—"Maybe," as our Wild Boy says, when I suggest that my lemons are better than his schmapps.

AND THEN THERE ARE THESE . . .

"THE CRIMINAL AFLOAT" by C. Foxe Smith

"JUMPIN' THE BORDER" by Robin Douglas

"THE URGE IMPERATIVE" by James Francis Dwyer

"LIFE COMES TO DEATH VALLEY" by Harold J. Shepstone, F.R.G.S.

"THE GAY DECEIVER" by R. V. Gery

"BIG BUSINESS" by Gordon Beckles

"SLEIVEMANN—BART" by Frank E. Verney

"WIND-JAMMING THE HORN" by Shaw

Desmond

AND THIS . . .

WIND-JAMMING THE HORN

by Shaw Desmond

"EVERY man and some women have their own idea of heaven—sometimes celestial, sometimes sublimated hell. Most people's heavens would be my hell. You shall decide into which category falls "Sailor's Heaven."

"OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" by Hamen Swaffer

"COMPARISONS ARE GLORIOUS" by Sydney Tremayne

"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" by F. Matania, R.L.

"LIGHTING" by Doris Adeney Lewis

"PLANNING FOR SPRING" by Winifred Lewis

THE PROCESS OF REJUVENATION

"CONCERNING CUPBOARDS" by Joan Woolcombe

"THE MAGIC OF MONTESPAN" by F. Britten Austin

BOOKS: reviewed by Arnold Palmer

"SATURDAY AFTERNOON" by Shirley Bax

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A CHARMING BREAKFAST SET

A CROCHET YOKE AND CUFFS

"SPRING FEVER" by Peggy Winifred Yeomans

WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH

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"EASTER IN THE ENGLISH KITCHEN" by A. H. Adair

ORANGE AND LEMON TIME

SWEETS, SALADS AND CHUTNEYS FROM

BANANAS

HOW TO SPRING CLEAN YOUR FURNITURE

ARE YOU A THERMOMETER FIEND...?

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EASTER

Take the NEW STYLE

MAGAZINE

BRITANNIA AND EVE

OF NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS EVERYWHERE — ONE SHILLING

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The new golf links of Bad-Nauheim, the German health resort, came into action during the autumn of 1931. With the co-operation of a famous golf architect, out of the old existing golf links and by the addition of a new,

sides: a rural calm broods over all. In spite of that, the links with their nine holes, offer good golf even to the expert. Its total length over the eighteen holes is 5,650 yards.



THE NEW SOUTHERN RAILWAY STEAMER, "ISLE OF SARK"

This new ship for the Channel Island service is the most up-to-date thing of her class off the slips. She has a gross tonnage of 2211'46 tons and is as beautiful inside as she is out. She is an oil-burner, twin screw turbine-engined vessel with plenty of power to tackle the by no means always placid Channel crossing



splendid tract of land, a golf course has been constructed which meets all modern requirements. Its situation is direct on the Kurpark, so that it is only fifteen minutes' walk away from the farthest hotel. The links, to all intents and purposes level, meet in the best possible way the need of the Kur guests who have to avoid great exertions. Around on them is a pleasant walk over splendid fairways between groups of trees with woods and the Usa river on the

For the first time gramophone records of dance music were made in public at the Regal Gala in the Piccadilly Hotel recently, and not only were visitors enabled to see how records are made, but, as they danced and talked, they assisted in making the record. The recording apparatus was in full view of everyone, and by way of a further novelty the endeavour was filmed for a talking picture, while at midnight each guest was presented with a Regal record of the tunes recorded three hours previously. Major Christopher Stone acted as master of ceremonies. A dance number was recorded, and within half a minute "played back" to the audience so that they were able to dance to it. Sydney Kyte's Piccadilly Hotel Band, who records exclusively for Regal, supplied the music. Mr. Kyte is a Londoner, and at the age of fifteen won a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. He was eighteen when the War broke out, and he joined up with the 1st Life Guards, but not being tall enough for a trooper he became a bandsman. After the War Sydney Kyte was a violinist in various orchestras, and was much in demand because his classical training enabled him to add the lilt and rhythm so essential to dance music. In 1925 he formed his own band for private engagements, and was made musical director to the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Hall.



IN REGENT'S PARK: MISS JEAN COLIN AND MR. F. J. INGLE

Their engagement was announced not so long ago, and this was one of their first public appearances. Miss Jean Colin is the well-known young actress, and her fiancé is the Somersetshire county cricketer

SOME TOPICS OF

Art Steps in.

An example of the time-honoured axiom that Art steps in where Nature fails is the coiffure pictured on this page; it owes its origin to the Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W. Among the advantages of the postiches and hair work in these salons is that only the best materials are used; the creations retain their pristine freshness even after constant wear. Now, as price is of great importance, it must be related that a transformation in natural wavy hair is from 15 guineas; a toupet for front and top of head only from 7 guineas, and a shingled head-dress from 20 guineas.

No Electric Heaters.

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that no electric heaters are used in the Maison Nicol process of permanent waving, and hair of most delicate shade—even white—can be waved and curled without discoloration or discomfort. The contour of the head is studied and the waves arranged to suit the contour; and in the dressing of the hair fashion's commands are reflected; nevertheless the individuality of the wearer is never overlooked. All interested in the subject must write for the illustrated brochure; it will be sent gratis and post free.

Beautiform Changes Her Address.

Before talking about the good work of the Beautiform garments, attention must be drawn to the fact that they have left 91A, Baker Street, and migrated to 78, Baker Street. It was absolutely necessary for them to have larger salons, on account of the extended scope of their activities. Now Beautiforms really do uplift the abdominal muscles and prevent their sagging. Furthermore, they support, control, and by eliminating pressure, reduce; this is due to the scientific cut. They restore poise to the figure and allow absolute freedom of movement; and then there are the sleeping



This fashionable head-dress has been created in the salons of the Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W. Its artistic negligence has been achieved by attention to the minutest detail. The best materials are used

VARIED INTEREST

brassières which prevent the spreading of the figure during the hours of repose.

An English Country Home.

In the Sports Hall of Marshall and Snelgrove is a complete model in miniature of an English country home, containing nearly two thousand articles; the price of admission is 1s. The proceeds of the exhibition will be given to the British Legion, Chelsea Branch, and the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. This unique collection of treasures was started by the owner at the age of four years, and consists of miniature toys and *objets d'art* covering a period of two centuries. The house is of Elizabethan architecture, and was copied in 1897 from the owner's old home in the South of England, the most recent part of which was built in 1650 on foundations dating back to the time of Ethelwulf. It is called Stanbrig Eorls, which is the ancient name in the old title deeds of the original house.

A Collection in Miniature.

The house does not aspire to compete with such famous and magnificent works of art as the Queen's Doll's House or Titania's Palace, but rather to emphasize the contrast between the very elaborate and the more simple type of miniature homes. It was originally started as a child's toy, and gradually grew into a collection in miniature of such considerable interest that, although it was never intended for exhibition purposes, the owner believed that it might be of some interest to others, and thereby become a means of collecting funds for charity. There are several genuine pieces of furniture, etc., which are duplicated in the Victoria and Albert Museum, as well as some in the Queen's Doll's House and Titania's Palace, but none of the articles was especially made for the house with the exception of a few which were made at home by the owner and her brother.

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NEW CORSETRY
to coax your figure into the
New Line



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CORSET IN PINK
BROCHE COUTIL**

firmly reinforced and boned
a diaphragm, perfect in cut,
giving complete control of
figure, side panels and
gussets in strong elastic,
hooking at left side, four
strong suspenders.

Sizes 24 to 30 waist.

18/9

N. 594.

**CHARMING 'BERLEI'
CORSELETTE IN
PLAIN PEACH ARTI-
FICIAL SILK**

top in d'oru
lace covered silk net, giving dainty
shadow effect. Low V at back,
side panels of strong elastic and
front gusset of same. Lightly
boned, a perfect mould for the
slight to average figure.

Sizes 32 to 40 bust.

47/6

N. 600.—**BEAUTIFUL 'GOSSARD' front lacing
BROCHE**, specially designed for medium to full figures,
firmly boned throughout, giving excellent dia-
phragm control and general support; finished elastic round top
and six good suspenders. Sizes 24 to 32 waist

Same model in Pink Cotton Broché, **21/-**

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Three essential Creams to cleanse, nourish
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planned Hélène routine.

In the Morning

HÉLÈNE CLEANSING CREAM (3/6, 6/6, 9/6). Swiftly
smooth this liquefying cream, with its fresh lemon tang, over face
and neck. It melts deep into the pores, loosens every grain of
dirt. See the tone of your skin clear and lighten as you wipe your
face clean with Hélène's silky-soft tissues.

HÉLÈNE ASTRINGENT TONIC (2/6, 4/6, 10/6). Now pat
your face over with cotton wool dipped in this clear, invigorating
lotion. Let it dry on. Your skin is now cool, firm, tingling with
life. Every pore refreshed and tightened.

HÉLÈNE DAY CREAM (2/6, 4/6). Lastly, to give a flattering,
protective finish, just film your face with this foamy cream. It will keep
the peachy bloom of your Hélène powder fresh and smooth for hours.

—and at Night

HÉLÈNE SKIN FOOD (3/6, 6/6, 12/6). A thorough 'wash'
with the Cleansing Cream—then smooth in this rich, healing Skin
Food. Fragrant, light, beautifully easy to work in, its herbal oils
penetrate deep, feeding the tissues, smoothing away wrinkles.
Wipe away the surplus, leaving a thin film to be absorbed during
the night. You will wake with a skin like velvet.

★ These are Hélène's essential preparations. For the finish-
ing touches she makes the loveliest of powders, rouges and
lipsticks. You will find them all in Hélène's fascinating
booklet, 'Skin Deep.' Send a card for this to-day.

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LONDON SW 1

"What...my LIPS Look PAINTED!"



"I could have killed Tom for saying a thing like that...but afterward...I saw just what he meant..."

Don't be too sure that you yourself don't offend by over make-up! Colours that look pretty by themselves may be cheap—garish—tawdry on your lips. And that painted look is one thing no man can overlook.

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Tangee is waterproof—permanent. It won't smear off. Its special cold cream base soothes and heals your lips...can't chap or cake.

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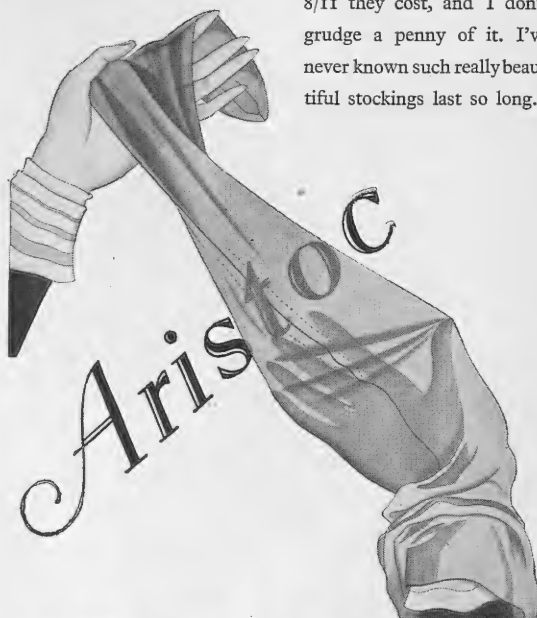
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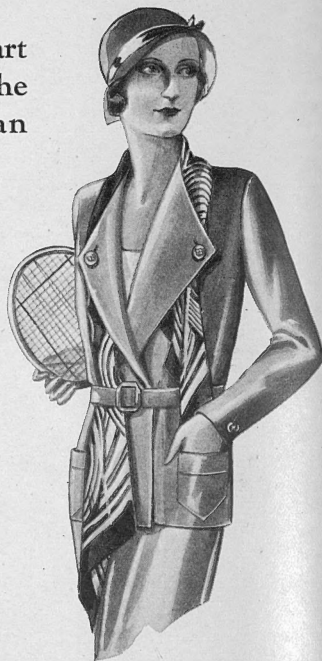


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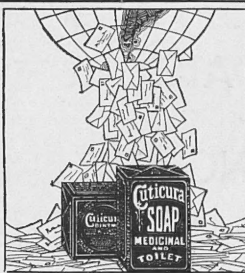
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See the "Lancet's" opinion, 27th July, 1907



REWARD

♦ ♦ ♦

ASSUMED

LOST

OLD MANUSCRIPT

BOUND IN ANTIQUE BLACK LEATHER,
BEING THE DIARY OF A SPORTING
GENTLEMAN AND DATED 1805-1858.

ANY PERSON FINDING THE ABOVE
AND RETURNING IT INTACT TO THE
OWNER - SIR EDWARD - WHOSE
ADDRESS IS WRITTEN ON THE FIRST
PAGE OF THE SAID MS. WILL BE
SUITABLY REWARDED.

♦ ♦ ♦